



THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

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OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

VOL. 5. No. 14.

## A SKETCH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A MAIDEN in the moonlight  
Was sitting all alone;  
The shadow of the rose-trees  
Across the green bank thrown:  
And, graceful as a lover,  
The quiet moon had placed  
A beam just like a fond arm,  
Around her beautiful waist.  
  
Sometimes with silver finger  
It touched her raven hair;  
Sometimes it sought her bosom,  
As if its heaven were there:  
Or glanced from cheek to forehead,  
Or mouth and chin caressed;  
Or silent sank beside her,  
And kissed the ground she pressed.  
  
Some wish they were a fairy,  
But no such wish have I;  
I'd rather be the moonbeam  
My heart's beloved one nigh!  
To chase away the darkness,  
To dwell within her sight,  
And whilst I lived, to make the world  
To her a world of light!

## A LITTLE WHILE!

BY WILLIAM J. NES.

A LITTLE while! a little while!  
In that brief space the tear and smile  
Alternate come and go:  
The heedless laugh, the lone heart's sigh,  
The hope one moment raises high,  
The next, sinks deep in woe!  
  
A little while! It seems an age  
To those whom painful thoughts engage,  
A span to careless mirth;  
'Tis fraught with strange event to some,  
To others scarce observed doth come,  
Whose souls are knit to earth.  
  
A little while! Within that hour  
It may be love's absorbing power  
Hath stole upon the breast,  
Unknown unfelt in former years,  
But waking now a thousand fears,  
That else had been at rest!  
  
A little while, and manhood's prime  
Hath yielded to the touch of time,  
And, wreck'd, is drooping low;  
The eyes are lustreless and dim,  
And nerveless is the pliant limb,  
Death's signet marks the brow!  
  
A little while,—and vain we trace  
The lines of some remember'd face,  
The well-beloved of yore;  
The haggard mien, the locks of grey,  
Chide mournfully the bygone day  
That veil'd those features o'er!  
  
A little while! The flow'rs we knew,  
So sweet and glorious of hue,  
Gave earth an Eden's bloom,  
A little while, and none survived,  
No green leaf left to tell they lived,  
Or, trembling, bless their tomb!  
  
A little while! The lapse we feel,  
As new and changeful objects steal  
Our visions from the past,  
We seem to fill another sphere,—  
To know that peace is only where  
The beautiful can last!

## THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RIFLEMAN HARRIS.—BY HENRY CURLING, ESQ.

MANY trivial things which happened during the retreat to Corunna and which on any other occasion might have entirely passed from my memory, have been as it were branded into my remembrance, and I recollect the most trifling incidents which occurred from day to day during that march. I recollect, amongst other matters, that we were joined, if I may so term it, by a young recruit, when such an addition was anything but wished for during the disasters of the hour. One of the men's wives, (who was struggling forward in the ranks with us, presenting a ghastly appearance of illness, misery, and

fatigue,) being very large in the family-way, towards evening stepped from amongst the crowd, and laid herself down amidst the snow, a little out of the main road. Her husband remained behind with her; and I heard one or two hasty observations amongst our men, that they had taken possession of their last resting-place. The enemy were, indeed, not far behind at this time, the night was coming down, and their chance seemed in truth but a bad one.—To remain behind the column of march in such weather was to perish, and we accordingly soon forgot all about them. To my surprise, however, I, some little time afterwards, (being then myself in the rear of our party,) again saw her. She was hurrying with her husband after us, and in her arms she carried the new-born babe she had just given birth to. Her husband and herself, between them, managed to carry that infant to the end of the retreat, where we embarked. God temper the wind, it is said, to the shorn lamb; and many years afterwards I saw that boy, a strong and healthy lad. The woman's name was McGuire, a sturdy and healthy Irishwoman; and lucky was it for herself and babe that she was so, as that night of cold and sleet was in itself sufficient to try the constitution of most females. I lost sight of her, I recollect on this night, when the darkness came upon us; but with the dawn to my surprise, she was still amongst us.

The shoes and boots of our party were now mostly either destroyed or useless to us, from foul roads and long miles, and many of the men were entirely barefooted, with knapsacks and accoutrements altogether in a dilapidated state. The officers were also, for the most part, in as miserable a plight. They were pallid, way worn, their feet bleeding, and their faces overgrown with beards of many days growth. What a contrast did our corps display, even at this period of the retreat, to my remembrance of them on the morning their dashing a pearce captivated my fancy in Ireland! Many of the poor fellows, now near sinking with fatigue, reeled as if in a state of drunkenness, and altogether I thought we looked the ghosts of our former selves; still we held on resolutely: our officers behaving nobly; and Crawford was not to be daunted by long miles, fatigue, or fine weather. Many a man in that retreat took courage from his stern eye and gallant bearing. Indeed, I do not think the world ever saw a more perfect soldier than General Crawford. It might be on the night following the disaster I have just narrated that we came to a halting place for about a couple of hours in a small village, and, together with several others, I sought shelter in the stable of a sort of farm-house, the first roof I saw near. Here, however, we found nothing to refresh ourselves with, by way of food, but some raw potatoes lying in a heap in one of the empty stalls, and which, for want of better rations, we made a meal of, before we threw ourselves down upon the stones with which the place was paved. Meanwhile others of our men, together with two or three of our officers, more forunate than ourselves, had possession of the rooms of the adjoining building, where they found at least a fire to warm themselves before. Lieutenant Hill had a black servant with him in the retreat, a youth he had brought with him from Monte Video, where, I heard, the Rifle had found him tied to a gun they had captured there. This lad came and aroused me as I lay in the stable, and desired me to speak with his master in the adjoining room. I found the lieutenant seated in a chair by the fire, when I entered. He was one of the few amongst us who rejoiced in the possession of a tolerably decent pair of boots, and he had sent for me to put a few stitches in them, in order to keep them from flying to pieces. I was so utterly weary, that I at first refused to have anything to do with them; but the officer, taking off his boots, insisted upon my getting out my waxed threads and mending them; and himself and servant thrusting me into the chair he arose from, put the boots into my hands, got out my shoemaking implements, and held me up as I attempted to cobble up the boots. It was, however, in vain that I tried to do my best towards the lieutenant's boots. After a few stitches, I fell asleep as I worked, theawl and wax ends falling to the ground. I remember there were two other officers present at the time. Lieutenant Molloy and Keppel, the latter of whom soon afterwards fell dead from fatigue during the retreat. At the present time however, they all saw it was in vain to urge me to mend Lieutenant Hill's boots. He therefore put them on again with a woeful face and a curse, and dismissed me to my repose. Our rest was not, however, of long duration.—The French were upon our trail, and before long we were up and hurrying onward again.

As the day began to dawn, we passed through another village—a long, straggling place. The houses were all closed at this early hour, and the inhabitants mostly buried in sleep, and, I dare say unconscious of the armed thousands who were pouring through their silent streets. When about a couple of miles from this village, Crawford again halted us for about a quarter of an hour. It appeared to me that, with returning daylight, he wished to have a good look at us this morning, for he mingled amongst the men as we stood leaning upon our rifles, gazing earnestly in our faces as he passed, in order to judge of our plight by our countenances. He himself appeared anxious, but full of fire and spirit, occasionally giving directions to the different officers, and then speaking words of encouragement to the men. It is my pride now to remember that General Crawford seldom omitted a word in passing to myself. On this occasion, he stopped in the midst, and addressed a few words to me, and glancing down at my feet, observed:

"What! no shoes, Harris, I see, eh?"

"None, sir," I replied; "they have been gone many days back." He smiled, and passed on, spoke to another man, and so on through the whole body.

Crawford, was I remember, terribly severe, during this retreat, if he caught anything like pilfering amongst the men. As we stood however, during this short halt, a very tempting turnip-field was close on one side of us; and several of the men were so ravenous, that although he was in our very ranks, they stepped into the field and helped themselves to the turnips, devouring them

like famishing wolves. He either did not or would not observe the delinquency this time, and soon afterwards gave the word, and we moved on once more.

About this period I remember another sight, which I shall not to my dying day forget; and it causes me a sore heart, even now, as I remember it. Soon after our halt beside the turnip-field, the screams of a child near me caught my ear, and drew my attention to one of the women, who was endeavoring to drag along a little boy about seven or eight years of age. The poor child was apparently completely exhausted, and his legs failing under him. The mother had occasionally, up to this time, been assisted by some of the men taking it in turn to help the little fellow on; but now all further appeal was vain. No man had more strength than was necessary for the support of his own carcass, and the mother could no longer raise the child in her arms, as her reeling pace too plainly shewed. Still, however, she continued to drag the child along with her. It was a pitiable sight, and wonderful to behold the efforts the poor woman made to keep the boy amongst us. At last, the little fellow had not even strength to cry, but, with mouth wide open, stumbled onwards, until both sank down to rise no more. The poor woman herself had, for some time, looked a moving corpse; and when the shades of evening came down, they were far behind amongst the dead or dying in the road. This was not the only scene of the sort I witnessed amongst the women and children during that retreat. Poor creatures! they must have bitterly regretted not having accepted the offer which was made to them to embark at Lisbon for England, instead of accompanying their husbands into Spain. The women, however, I have often observed, are more persevering in such cases, and are not to be persuaded that their presence is often a source of anxiety to the corps they belong to.

Some of our men were now becoming savage and reckless of life, I observed, and it required all of Crawford's strictness and management to keep them together. I have heard many blame him for too much harshness and severity in this retreat, I myself think he saved the force under his command by such measures from destruction. He was marching, at this time, in the midst of us on foot, close to the part where I myself was trudging along, when I heard a man named Daniel Howans say in a loud voice, and apparently on purpose for him to hear:

"D—him! he had much better try and get us something to eat, than continue to harass us to death like this."

No sooner had Howans uttered the words, than Crawford turned and sprang upon him, and seizing the rifle from his hands, in an instant felled him to the ground with the butt end. He then halted the brigade, called a drum-head court-martial on the instant, and Howans was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes on the spot. At this time, however, it was growing too dark to punish Howans, and Crawford, therefore, as soon as the sentence was awarded, ordered us on again.

He marched amongst us all that night, and every short halt we made, he looked sharply at the darknesses would allow to observe how the men were keeping together. I surmise this, from his passing where I myself was standing on such occasions, and regarding us steadily as he did so. When morning dawned, he again called a halt, and forming a hollow square, desired the culprit to be brought into it without delay, and delivered himself of a short speech, of which I can at this moment remember almost every word.

"I will not," he said, "sacrifice one jot of my duty to my King and country. Rifles, for the good opinion of either officer or soldier in this force. The orders I issue are for your own good, and those who disobey them may expect the consequences of their disobedience. Tie up Daniel Howans for punishment."

I remember that the white morning frost was sticking upon Crawford's hair, beard, and eyebrows, as he spoke on this morning, giving him quite an aged look.

This was indeed no time to be lax in discipline, and the General knew it. The men, as I said, were, some of them, becoming careless and ruffianly in their demeanour; whilst others, again, I saw with the tears falling down their cheeks from the agony of their bleeding feet, and many were ill with dysentery from the effects of the bad food they had got hold of and devoured on the road. Our knapsacks, too, were a bitter enemy on this prolonged march. Many a man died I am convinced, who would have borne up well to the end of the retreat, but for the infernal load we carried on our backs. My own knapsack was my bitterest enemy; I felt it press me to the earth almost at times, and more than once felt as if I should die under its deadly embrace. The knapsacks, in my opinion, should have been abandoned at the very commencement of the retrograde movement, as it would have been better to have lost them altogether, if by such loss, we could have saved the poor fellows who as it was died strapped to them on the road.

To return, however to Daniel Howans, he received his punishment without a murmur; and, when it was over, his great coat was put on, his wife carried his accoutrements for him, and forward we went once more. On the same day, I remember, the general found it necessary again to address the men as they seemed still inclined to stray away into the open country on either side the road; and two more of the Rifles were tried by drum head court martial, and sentenced to receive a hundred lashes each.

Towards evening on this day, we came to a part of the country of a yet wilder and more desolate appearance even than that we had already traversed: a dreary wilderness it appeared at this inclement season; and our men, spite of the vigilance of the General, seemed many of them resolved to stray into the open country, rather than traverse the road before them. The coming night favoured their designs, and many were, before morning, lost to us through their own wilfulness. Amongst others, I found myself completely bewildered and lost upon the heath, and should doubtless have perished had I not fallen in with another of our corps in the same situation. As soon as we recognized each other, I found my companion in a distressing way—a strapping resolute fellow named James Brooks, a north of Ireland man. He was afterwards killed at Toulouse, by a musket ball which struck him in the thigh. He was delighted at having met with me, and we resolved not to desert each other during the night. Brooks, as I have said, was a strong, active, and resolute fellow, as indeed I had, on more occasions than one, witnessed in Portugal. At the present time, his strength was useful to both of us.

"Catch hold of my jacket, Harris," said he; "the ground here is soft, and we must help each other to night, or we shall be lost in the bogs."

Before long, that which Brooks feared, happened; and he found himself stuck so fast in the morasses, that although I used my best efforts to draw him out, I only shared in the same disaster; so that, leaving him, I turned and endeavoured to save my own life if possible, calling to him to follow before he sank over head and ears. This was an unlucky chance in our wearied state, as the more we floundered in the dark, not knowing which way to gain a firm foundation, the faster we fixed ourselves. Poor Brooks was so disheartened,

that he actually blubbered like a child. At length, during a pause in our exertions, I thought I heard something like the bark of a dog come down the wind. I bade Brooks listen, and we both distinctly heard it—the sound gave us new hope, just as we were about to abandon ourselves to our fate. I advised Brooks to lay himself as flat as he could, and drag himself out of the slough, as I had found some hard tufts of grass in the direction I went; and so, by degrees, we gained a firmer footing, and eventually succeeded in extricating ourselves, though in such an exhausted state, that for some time we lay helplessly upon the ground, unable to proceed.

At length, with great caution, we ventured to move forwards in the direction of the sounds we had just heard. We found, however, that our situation was still very perilous; for in the darkness we hardly dared to move a step in any direction, without robbing the ground with our rifles, lest we should again sink, and be eventually smothered in the morasses we had strayed amongst. On a sudden, however (as we carefully felt our way,) we heard voices shouting in the distance, and calling out, "Men lost! men lost!" which we immediately concluded were the cries of some of our own people, who were situated like ourselves.

After awhile, I thought I saw, far away, something like a dancing light, which seemed to flicker about, vanish, and reappear, similar to a Jack o' lantern. I pointed it out to Brooks, and we agreed to alter our direction, and move towards it. As we did so, the light seemed to approach us, and grow larger, and presently another and another appeared, like small twinkling stars, till they looked something like lamps upon one of our London bridges, as seen from afar. The sight revived our spirits, more especially as we could now distinctly hear the shouts of people, who appeared in search of the stragglers, and, as they approached us, we perceived that such was indeed the case. The lights, we now discovered, were furnished by bundles of straw and dried twigs, tied on the ends of long poles, and dipped in tar. They were borne in the hands of several Spanish peasants, from a village near at hand, whom Crawford had thus sent to our rescue.

He had discovered, on reaching and halting in this village, the number of men that had strayed from the main body, and immediately ordering the torches I have mentioned to be prepared, he collected together a party of Spanish peasants, and obliged them to go out into the open country, and seek for his men, as I have said; by which means he saved (on that night) many from death.

To return to my own adventures on this night. When Brooks and myself reached the village I have mentioned, we found it filled with soldiers, standing and lying, huddled together like cattle in a fair. A most extraordinary sight it appeared, as the torches of the peasants flashed upon the way-worn and gaunt figures of our army. The rain was coming down, too, on this night, I remember; and soon after I reached our corps, I fell helplessly to the ground in a miserable plight. Brooks was himself greatly exhausted, but he behaved nobly, and remained beside me, trying to persuade some of our fellows to assist him in getting me up, and gaining shelter in one of the houses at hand. "May I be d—d!" I heard him say, "if I leave Harris to be butchered in the streets by the cowardly Spaniards the moment our division leaves the town." At length Brooks succeeded in getting a man to help him, and together they supported me into the passage of a house, where I lay upon the floor for some time. After awhile, by the help of some wine they procured, I rallied and sat up, till eventually I got once more upon my legs, and, arm in arm, we proceeded again into the streets, and joined our corps. Poor Brooks certainly saved my life that night. He was one of the many good fellows whom I have seen out, and I often think of him with feelings of gratitude as I set at my work in Richmond Street, Soho.

When the division got the order to proceed again, we were still linked arm in arm, and thus we proceeded. Sometimes, when the day appeared, stopping for a short time and resting ourselves, and then hurrying on again.

I remember Sir Dudley Hill passing me on a mule this day. He wore a Spanish straw-hat, and had his cloak on. He looked back when he had passed and addressed me. "Harris," said he, "I see you cannot keep up." He appeared sorry for me, for he knew me well. "You must do your best," he said, "my man, and keep with us, or you will fall into the hands of the enemy." As the day wore on, I grew weaker and weaker; and at last, spite of all my efforts, I saw the main body leave me hopelessly in the lurch. Brooks himself was getting weaker too; he saw it was of little use to urge me on, and at length, assenting to my repeated request to be left behind, he hurried on as well as he was able without a word of farewell. I now soon sank down in the road and lay beside another man who had also fallen, and was apparently dead, and whom I recognized as one of our sergeants named Taylor, belonging to the Honourable Captain Pakenham's (now General Sir Hercules Pakenham) company.

## OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

Mathews was exceeding wrath at the liberties the press took with him. One day he met an American gentleman as he was driving in from Hampstead. "Dear me! is this you, Mr. Mathews?" exclaimed the latter; "why, you're the last person I expected to see!"—"Indeed! why so?"—"Because I've just read your death in the newspaper."—"What! those infernal penny a-liners have been at me again, have they? I'll tell you how they do it. You don't understand the things." "Want six lines for the end of this column," shouts the compositor down his d—d trumpet. "Will a murder do?" bawls a penny-a-liner. "No!"—"Then kill Mathews!" So I'm killed. Ha, ha! must be a cursed coward to die so many deaths, eh? Good morning!" Mathews frequently dined in Tavistock Place. A congeniality of tastes—for both were devoted Shaksperians—led to an intimacy between Mr. Oakley and our great monologist, which only terminated with the death of the latter. Like Pope, Mathews was extremely partial to little Fanny, whose naïve surprise at his ventriloquism highly amused him. Placing Fanny on one knee, his handkerchief twisted up into a doll occupying the other, Mathews would throw his voice into the latter, to the great astonishment of the child, who, after staring at the doll, and then at Mathews, would exclaim, "Why, it don't talk, does it?"

Mr. Oakley, with a large party, occupied one of the stage boxes, the first night Mathews played *Somno*, (in "The Sleep-walker," in which he afterwards became so popular. Gradually approaching the box in the course of his imitations, he suddenly turned to his friend, and fixing his eye on him, exclaimed, from "The Jealous Wife," "Oh, Mr. Oakley! is that you?" The latter's confusion may be imagined.

Perhaps no individual is more to be envied than an English gentleman, of cultivated mind, domestic habits, high moral feeling, and refined tastes, whose position exempts him from the necessity of conforming to fashionable obser-



vances, yet leaves him at liberty to select his own associates, and indulge in pursuits most congenial to his inclinations. In all respects my friend Oakley was this enviable individual. He dedicated his leisure hours wholly to his family, his ease, literature, and the society of a few friends distinguished chiefly for their talents and acquirements. He was a munificent patron, considering his means. When "All the Talents" deprived the elder Dibdin of his pension, Mr. Oakley set a subscription on foot for the relief of this veteran vocalist, heading it with a donation of one hundred pounds. Mr. Oakley not only possessed a strong feeling for the arts, but was no contemptible artist himself. A picture by Thompson, which that artist considered his masterpiece, hung over the mantel-piece in Mr. Oakley's dining-room. One evening, as these gentlemen sat over their Falernian, Mr. Oakley, to Thompson's great astonishment, began abusing this performance.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" said the artist, starting up, and throwing the light on the picture.

"Oh, I'm dissatisfied with it altogether," replied Mr. Oakley. "That arm there's out of drawing; those shadows are too opaque; and as for the colouring—"

"Well!" interrupted Thompson, with great energy, "if that arm's out of drawing, Mr. Oakley, I'm —! The shadows too, if anything are too transparent; and here—only look, only look! Why, my good sir! what the devil would you have? why, the colouring looks as fresh as if it had only been put on ten days ago!"

"Yes, that's about the time," said Mr. Oakley, sipping his wine.

"What do you mean?" inquired the astonished artist.

"Simply, that you've been praising a copy by myself all this time!"

Mr. Oakley had a mortal aversion to every species of affectation or dandyism. One evening he was examining one of Erat's new harps, at a friend's when a compound of these obnoxious qualities lounging up, drawled out, "A fine harp that—a—an Erat—a, I perceive!"—"No-a," replied Mr. Oakley, adopting his drawl, "that's an Erat a!"

This gentleman is author of "Selections from Shakspeare," which he dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, of whom, and her brother John, he was an enthusiastic admirer. This latter's convivial propensities are well known. He enjoyed the reputation of being able to carry off a greater quantity of wine than any of his contemporaries, which excited Incedon's jealousy so much, that he invited the tragedian to dinner, for the purpose of deciding which was the better man.

"We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart!"

exclaimed Incedon, as soon as the cloth was removed. Accordingly burgundy was the word for eight whole hours by Shrewsbury clock. Day dawned, cocks crow: still the representative of Macbeth scorned to cry

"Hold! enough!"

The vocalist became anxious. Strong internal evidence convinced him he could not sustain the contest much longer.

"Half-pint bumpers!" he vociferated wildly

"Lay on, Macduff!"

cried John, heroically, holding out his tumbler, which he had no sooner drained than he fell under the table.

"Be-e-e-law!" sang Incedon, in triumph; then seizing one of the candles, he staggered off exclaiming, "Sewed up the Governor, by—!"

But there is "in the lowest depths a lower still." Incedon was no match for Cooke. One night these two worthies, after performing at the Richmond Theatre, returned to the Castle Hotel to sup. One—two boomed from the old church tower. Incedon rose to retire.

"Sit ye down, man! sit ye down, Charley!" said Cooke; "we'll have another bottle."

"No, no, not to night, my dear fellow; not to-night," persisted Incedon: "it's late. Besides, I've to sing before the King, and the Queen, you know, to-morrow night at Covent Garden Theatre, and I must be careful of my voice."

"Phoo! phoo! sit ye down, man; sit ye down—another bottle."

"No, no, not to night; not to night, my dear boy. I tell you I've to sing before the King, and the Queen and all the maids of honour, and—"

"Well, sing me 'The Storm'; sing me 'The Storm' before you go, my bully boy!" urged Cooke, who dreaded being left alone.

"No, no, not to night; not to-night. I really—"

"You shall, though; you shall sing me 'The Storm' before morning, Charley!" said Cooke; and Incedon retired.

He had not been asleep long when he was seized by two constables.

"What a'y mean, ye rascals?" cried Incedon, struggling.

"You'd better come quietly, Muster Smith," said the Constable-en-chef, giving him a shake.

"Muster Smith!"

"Ay, you see we knows you, so it's no use your kicking up a bobby. Bless you! we knows all about that bit of business on the green yonder, when you and your pals there robbed that 'ere poor 'oman of her bundle, and—"

"Robbed! pals! bundle!" iterated the astonished vocalist: "why, I'm Charles Incedon—Charles Incedon, the Native Melodist, ye rascals! I've to sing before the King and the Queen, and all the maids of honour, to-morrow night at Covent Garden Theatre—ay, by —! 'sus! so I'll trouble you to take your knuckles out of my throat, and not spoil my voice by your violence!"

"I tell you that gammon won't pass with me!" cried the Constable, clenching him still tighter; "so come along; put on your toggery this instant, or—"

"I tell you I'm Charles Incedon!" persisted the enraged vocalist. "There's my friend Cooke; the great George Frederick; he's now in the house; we'll call him, and—"

"Muster Cooke! why, that's the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomever, if you're Charles Incedon, you know, you can sing 'The Storm.'"

The word *storm* recalled Incedon from the stupor Cooke's perfidy had thrown him into.

"Sing 'The Storm'!" repeated he indignantly; "here! stand aside, ye rascals; give me room, and I'll soon show you whether I can sing 'The Storm' or not."

And clearing his pipes, Incedon went through this celebrated ditty in his best style, at the conclusion of which Cooke thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying, "I told you you should sing me 'The Storm' before morning, Charley," left him to his repose.

Incedon might well be careful of his voice—the finest that an English singer ever boasted of, particularly in the lower notes. Nevertheless, in spite of an occasional flatness, Braham surpasses Incedon, or perhaps any other vocalist our stage has ever produced. His superior science, taste, spirit, feeling, and more than all, *expression*, placed—nay, wonderful to say, still places him, after

a lapse of more than sixty years, at the head of the English school. A strong jealousy subsisted between these two singers. The very sight of his most popular rival was wormwood to Incedon. One morning this latter and Power were breakfasting with Strut at Brighton, when Braham dropped in. Incedon sat sullenly discussing his prawns and bohea; and when breakfast was over, took Power's arm, and lead him down to the beach. Here they walked in silence, until Incedon, suddenly disengaging his arm, uplifted his hands over the waters, and peeled forth, "The Lord Jehocah!" at the full extent of his magnificent voice. "There!" exclaimed he, triumphantly, "let the little Jew-boy do that!"

And omit we, in this our catalogue of convivialists, immortal Brinsley, who to the graces of Anacreon united the eloquence of Marcus Tullius with the voluptuousness of Petronius, and the improvidence of Alcibiades! Bacchus—Mimus—Mercury forbid! What a compound! what an anomaly! We feel at a loss which to wonder at most, Sheridan's talents or his indolence, his procrastination or his energies; the recklessness with which he plunged into difficulties, or his dexterity in getting out of them. His political conduct appears even more enigmatical, for, with a total want of principle in private, as a public man, wonderful to say, Sheridan stands, literally, *sine macula*: rising in this superior to Mirabeau, whom, in some respects, he resembled. "It is easy for you to plume yourselves on your consistency, gentlemen," said the ex-Treasurer of the Navy, bitterly, to the Duke of Bedford, and other wealthy colleagues, on resigning office, "but mine is ruin to me." And so it was. Yet the man who made no scruple in swindling a tradesman, never swerved from his political integrity. Had he no inducement? It is difficult to suppose this possible. So low was Sheridan's credit when he lived near Dorking, that his butcher absolutely galloped over, and seized a leg of mutton in the pot, because it had not been paid for on delivery. Like Manchester, his "School for Scandal" is "a great exploit." There is a brilliancy, a polish, an air of refinement in this celebrated composition, which invests it with a charm that is indescribable, and which no other comedy in our own, or perhaps any other language, possesses. Nor is the interest it inspires less peculiar and delightful. We instantly place the *Surface* family on the list of our acquaintances; nor do we ever strike them off again. Moore, in publishing all the manuscripts relating to this extraordinary production, has enabled us to trace it, step by step, through all its modifications and changes, from the first crude conceptions of the author, down to his last finishing touches—one of the most interesting studies the history of literature presents. Contrast this elaboration of finish with the hasty, imperfect version of "Pizarro," by the same author. It is an absolute and well-authenticated fact, that when the curtain drew up the first night this play was performed, Sheridan was actually arranging the last act in one of the dressing rooms. Mr. S. Russel, who played the *Scout*, himself assured me, that when he came to the theatre to dress, he had not even seen his part! Mrs. Siddons received *Eliza's* concluding speech wet from the author's pen in the beginning of the fifth act. The tag, as it is technically termed, was sent about the same time to Powell, who performed *Atalaba*. This latter, who was what is called a *slow study*, instantly ran up to Sheridan in a great fright, and represented the utter impossibility of his getting the words into his head in time to speak them. "Well, well," said John Kemble, who was standing by, "we must do without the tag." Accordingly, the play concluded as it now stands. But Sheridan was ever anomalous, ever in extremes; and his sceptre descended to one who, in many particulars, resembled him.

Elliston!—what pleasurable associations arise with that name!—the laughing eye—the jocund smile—the courtly ease—the buoyant gaiety—the untiring spirit—the broad rich tones!—who that remembers these can forget Elliston! He presented a rare union of the requisites indispensable to form that most difficult of all stage assumptions, a fine gentleman. Off the stage, too, who could be more courteous, more considerate, more fascinating! Who ever boasted a nicer tact, a finer perception of what would be most gratifying, most satisfactory, most consolatory to all with whom he came into contact? Who could employ these rare qualifications with so much effect when he chose? It was a positive pleasure to be refused a request by Elliston. The manner in which he conveyed a negative impressed you with an idea that he was conferring a favour on you: it was the sting of the bee drowned in its honey. With what seeming sympathy he consoled you!—with what affectionate fervour he squeezed your hand!—the tears glistened in his eyes as he took leave of you—you felt he was the sincerest friend you had, and would have made any sacrifice to serve him. True, this was all manner—true, he did not care five farthings for you! He would have heard of your death without emotion; still you were indebted to him for his consideration; it pleased, it consoled, it soothed you; it beguiled you of your disappointment, reconciled you to the failure of your hopes, and, more than all, poured a balm on your wounded vanity.

Elliston was the vainest of theatrical potentates. It was rich to see the great Robert William in one of his grandiose humours. No one could be more ludicrously pompous, more maudlinly dignified, more bombastically imperious:—it was *Arante* metamorphosed into the *mock Duke*. He was the most absolute of autocrats. "Get off my benches, sir!" he would exclaim to some tyro in the pit, in the middle of his performance. He felt in the climax of his glory when addressing an audience, which he sought every opportunity of doing, to the infinite amusement of the box-lobby lounge and "half-price clerk," who made a nightly practice of calling upon Elliston for a speech at the conclusion of the first piece, when his egotism proved most diverting.

Elliston was an excellent manager, shrewd, bustling, indefatigable, fertile in expedients, a thorough adept in the art of puffing, and could gull an audience to perfection. Latterly, his habits were anything but respectable. He

"Put an enemy into his mouth that stole away his brains,"

until it became his "custom," not only "of an afternoon," but at all times. He was once sent up to London by coach, quite insensible, with the following label on his button:—"Robert William Elliston.—To be delivered at Stratford Place immediately."

Elliston was once playing *George Barnwell* in the country. The fifth act had begun, but there was no *Uncle*.

"Here! get on a black coat, Scott," cried Elliston to an old sailor who worked the flies; "you must go on for the *Uncle*."

"Me, sir? Lord, sir, I never was on the stage in all my life!" said the man, frightened out of his wits. Besides, I don't know a word of the part, and—"

\* This is literally true. "The fact is," said Mr. Russel, "my part was purposely withheld. Mr. Sheridan knew I was a quick studier. He also knew I should have thrown on the part if I had had it in time to have done so. But I was a rising actor; it was of importance to have my name in the bills, as it materially strengthened the cast. Thus, though I was told at every rehearsal what I had to do, I could never find out what I had to say."

"No matter!" interrupted Elliston; "get your coat on—quick. I'll speak all your speeches for you,"—which he did, prefacing each with—"Stop! I know what you are about to say, my venerable relative. You were about to observe so and so;" or, "Ah! your eye speaks. It says," &c. &c., and so forth.

Elliston read incomparably. I attribute the failure of so many new pieces during his management to his excellence in this particular. He infused so much spirit and so much humour into the pieces he read in the green room, that neither he himself, nor those who heard him, had any idea how vapid many of these were, until the hisses of the audience rather disagreeably convinced them of it. Like Mathews, Elliston was an enthusiast in his art, and liberally encouraged talent whenever he had it in his power.

Harry Harris, the rival manager, boasted much proficiency in the listic art,—a fact not deducible either from his manners or appearance; for, though strong and well knit, his voice was effeminate, while his dress smacked of dandyism. One morning, as he was picking his way westward, a cater splashed him. The manager remonstrated. The cater grew insolent, and, on Harris's calling him "a rascal," lashed the latter's light silk pantaloons with his long dirty whip, until, to use the manager's own expression, "he had made a perfect zebra of him." "Stop a minute, fellow!" lisped Harris; and, going into a shop, he very deliberately divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and returning, gave the cater, to his great astonishment, a thrashing. Harris was very intimate with Moore, the latter, who was an excellent judge of what would succeed on the stage. Harris submitted most of the pieces sent to Covent Garden theatre to Moore's perusal. In those days dramatists were at a premium. Morton and Colman regularly received a thousand pounds for a first piece.

Murray, the father of Mrs. Henry Siddons, belonged at this time to Harry Harris's company. One night this actor played the Ghost in "Hamlet." As a considerable interval occurs before the apparition makes its second appearance, Murray threw off his ghostly gear at the conclusion of his first scene, and slipped over to some brother comedians, who were enjoying themselves at the Garrick's Head. Here the minutes passed so pleasantly, that Murray, on consulting his watch, found he had overstayed his time. He had barely time to return to the theatre, throw off his coat and waistcoat, don the upper portion of his ghostly attire, and caution the carpenters to wind him only half way up, when his cue was given. These latter, however, either mistaking his directions, or for the joke's sake, wound the trap up, as usual to the level of the stage, exhibiting to the astonished audience the Ghost of Hamlet's father accoutred in a helmet, cuirass, nankeen inexpressibles, and a pair of top-boots! Murray had formerly been in the navy. He was accustomed to draw a long bow. When *Bacchi plenus*, he would strike his fist upon the table and say, "Yee, sir, in that engagement I lost this right arm!"

#### A FEW LITERARY M.P.'S.

BULWER, D'ISRAELI, &c.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Amongst the members of the House of Commons are some of our most celebrated writers of fiction. In general they do not shine as orators, although, as in the case of D'Israeli, they put themselves "pretty considerably" forward. Southey, to whom a place in Parliament was frequently offered, had the good sense to decline it; and it would have been well for the reputation of some of our writers if they had followed his example.

Let me continue my sketches of political literati, and conclude my notices of politicians by selecting a few specimens of those whose names are by their writings rendered familiar to the dwellers on this side of the Atlantic. And first, allow me to describe Bulwer, or rather Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, he having adopted the latter surname since he came into some property on the death of his mother.

The first time I saw Bulwer, was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-six,—when I was strolling in Chippendale Mead, near the town of Monmouth, a place, which, like Boston Common, was allotted as a promenade for the people, and which was the favourite resort of the poet Gray, who styled it "the delight of his eyes, and the very seat of pleasure." The author of "Pelham," was evidently enjoying the beauties of the place. I did not know the celebrated writer, until one of the boatmen who had brought him from the town of Ross, some twelve miles up the Wye, informed me who his passenger was.

He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, vulgarly so, I thought; but I should not have recognised his features from my acquaintance with the published likenesses of him. He was by no means well formed, and was rather awkward in his carriage. As I shall have occasion to describe his personal appearance when I afterwards saw him under more favorable circumstances, I shall defer describing him for the present.

It was some years after this, when I again observed him; he was then in his place in the House of Commons; and, in the interval, the separation between him and his beautiful wife had made considerable noise in the fashionable circles of London. Respecting this separation, a hundred stories were in circulation, and in most of them the gentleman was made to appear in anything but an amiable light. I well remember that the most generally received piece of scandal was to the following effect. Bulwer, for the sake of convenience, occupied chambers in the Temple, which he used as a study, but in consequence of his frequent nocturnal absences from home, Mrs. Bulwer began to suspect that it served other purposes than those of meditation and manuscript making. One morning (so runs the gossip) Bulwer informed his lady that he should be absent from town for three or four days, and bade her a very affectionate adieu. The lady, however, was not to be done, and on the following morning she put into practice a plan which she had formed, for the detection of her supposed delinquent husband.

About eleven o'clock in the morning succeeding that one, when he had professedly left his wife for the purpose of attending to pressing business in the country, the popular novelist was sitting clad in his magnificent dressing-robe, in his chambers in the Temple, in company with a fair but frail lady, who, with him, was doing ample justice to an elegant breakfast. The fragrant aroma of the Mocha berry filled the chamber—the pawns lay in tempting profusion in the China dish—poached eggs, looking like primroses on snow banks, gladdened the eye—cressets from the brook, in all their dewy freshness, invited the finger of the consumer—in short, all was as it should be—and the gay voice of "Pelham," and the silver laughter of his companion, "the little French Milliner," proclaimed that care for awhile was flung to the winds. But, alas! for all sublimity delights—there came a rap at the door, and immediately afterwards—without the slightest ceremony—Mrs. Bulwer made her appearance, and a "scene" ensued. It was currently reported, and believed, that in addition

to violent words, even blows were exchanged—certain it is, however, that the novelist and his wife, from that day, parted. How the lady has revenged herself, the novel of "Cheveley, or the Man of Honor," in which her husband is mercilessly attacked, sufficiently shows.

Fancy yourself, reader, in the lobby of the Commons House of Parliament. Yonder is Bulwer, conversing with a gentleman next the door. If you have formed any idea of the man, from the ridiculously effeminate looking bust of him prefixed to his "Pilgrims of the Rhine," or from the three quarter portrait of him by MacIise, you must expect to be disappointed, for the novelist is by no means handsome, as the generality of his readers suppose him to be. Instead of the spruce, popinjay personage, who figures in the picture to which I have alluded, you behold a man, who is so far below the medium height as to be even short in stature. Nor is he bolt upright, as painters have delighted to represent him; for there is a considerable bend in his back, a slight stoop in his shoulders, and his legs are somewhat of the hour glass formation—or I may, perhaps, render myself more intelligible by saying that he is knock-kneed. Over a very thin and frail-looking frame were ill fitting and slovenly put on garments—whereas, from the pictured semblances of him, one would take him to be a dandy of the first water.

But let us observe him as he rises in his place, in the House to speak. Now that his habits removed, his well shaped head is observable; perhaps a phrenologist would be somewhat puzzled by the forehead, which is low and receding; what it loses, however, in height, it amply makes up for in breadth. He has a very large, aquiline nose, much too large for his face; but, if we are to credit Napoleon's assertion, that long nosed men are the most to be relied on for achieving great deeds, that must be rather a beauty than a defect. His hair is curly, and of a light brown color; but his whiskers, which half cover his cheeks and chin, are red, and very bushy. There is nothing extraordinary about the expression of his mouth or eye. Such is England's most popular novelist—so far, at least, as his outward man is concerned.

Bulwer is no great things as a speaker. His voice is low, clear, and sweet; but, like most active writers, he wants the faculty of thinking "on his legs"—an art more difficult of acquirement than persons "not accustomed to public speaking" would be apt to suppose. He hesitates a good deal, and seldom goes to the point, excepting by a roundabout way—reminding us of the man whose modes of thinking were so tortuous that Sidney Smith said he must have been born with a corkscrew in his head. His action, too, is very ungraceful, and he fidgets excessively while speaking. It is evident that, with him, hand and head must go together.

A good deal has been said respecting Bulwer's personal vanity, but with how much of truth I am unable to determine. The only circumstance which would indicate it was one communicated to me by a friend, who once visited the novelist at his house. He said that in his study were two small busts, (of Shakespeare and Milton,) and between them was placed a large marble one of himself. This somewhat reminds us of Foote's satirical lines, on the statue of Beau Nash being placed in the pump room, at Bath, between the busts of Pope and Newton—the said lines concluding with

"Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly at full length;"

Not that I would attribute the latter failing to Bulwer.

It is not generally known, that a work which was recently published in England, and created a great sensation there, and which Dr. Cheever, in his preface to the American reprint of it, has called a "philosophical romance," is from the pen of an English member of Parliament; I refer to "the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," by Sir Richard Rowland Vyvyan, Bart., the member in Parliament for one of the Cornish boroughs. Sir Richard Vyvyan is a man of the most brilliant talents and acquirements; he seldom speaks, but when he does he always produces a sensation. In person he is rather diminutive, and, unlike Bulwer, exquisitely neat in his dress. No one could look at him without being impressed with the idea that he is no common man. In the House he is known by the sobriquet of the "Cornish Diamond," and in society he is extensively celebrated as one of the most refined English wits, and a most perfect gentleman.

Whilst I was one evening sitting in the body of the House, to which part of it I was admitted by a Speaker's order, I was introduced, by Mr. Hawes, the member for Lambeth, to Sergeant Talfourd, the celebrated author of "Ion," and also well known as the writer of poor Charles Lamb's life, he having been Eliza's intimate friend and executor. I believe I have elsewhere described Mr. Talfourd's personal appearance, [See the "Rogers Breakfast Party."] and it will be unnecessary, therefore, to allude further to it in this place. I merely mention him for the sake of referring to his speech making qualifications. Talfourd was one of the best speakers, of the quiet school, in the House—a qualification for which he was doubtless indebted, in some degree, to his practice at the bar.

I say he was one of the best speakers, because he sometime since relinquished his seat, in consequence of his increasing practice as an advocate. His voice is very sweet and musical, and his language chaste and elegant. Whenever he rose he at once commanded the respectful attention of the House, and on whatever subject he spoke, however dry it might have been, he never failed to adorn it by his classic treatment of the topic. One cannot look at Talfourd without being strongly prepossessed in his favour. His large dark eyes glow with sensibility, and his calm and placid expression of countenance irresistibly charms the beholder. Successful in his public career, as a legislator, a lawyer, an orator, and a poet, he commands extensive admiration. And in all the relations of private life he is most estimable. He was one of Charles Lamb's most chosen friends, and it is no small treat to hear him talk, as I have done, of his departed friend and brother poet.

There cannot be a doubt that Talfourd will, at no distant day, be elevated to the bench—indeed, he has already been more than once offered a seat there—but he has a very large family, and realizes in his profession considerable more than the four thousand pounds a year, which is the rather poor salary for a Judge, who has to find carriages and travelling expenses out of it. Besides, were he to accept a Judgeship he could not, by the English laws, return to his practice, even if he wished. There is no downward step from the Judicial seat. A long career, I trust awaits Talfourd; that it will be a brilliant one, no one who knows any thing of him can doubt.

When the novel of "Vivian Grey" burst upon the world, its author was comparatively unknown. Some exceedingly clever papers had appeared in the Magazines, but no one suspected that the son of the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" had anything to do with them, as Ben was at that time a flashy young gentleman about town, and only celebrated by the witticisms he perpetrated at Lady Blessington's supper parties. But before I say more respecting the author of "Coningsby," let me, by way of an epilogue, slightly sketch his father.



I have only once seen the elder D'Israeli. It was in the reading room of the British Museum, eight or nine years since. He was seated at one of the tables, collating some volume, and as I sat near him I had a good view of this laborious and entertaining writer, or compiler. Mr. D'Israeli is tall and stout and bears unmistakable physiognomical evidences in his countenance of his Jewish origin—his head was nearly bald, for only a few grey locks remained over his temples, and on the back of his head. At the time I saw him his sight was failing fast, and since then he has become quite blind. Yet the old *litterateur* is by no means idle, although wisdom is at "one entrance quite shut out." He still labors in his literary vocation, his son Benjamin (all honor to him for the devoted attention which he pays to his aged blind father,) acting as amanuensis.

And now for "Young England."

A few years since the Conservative voters of Taunton invited Benjamin D'Israeli to become a candidate for the honor of representing them in Parliament, and it was on the occasion of his visiting Somersetshire, during an election struggle, that I first saw him. He must then have been about thirty years of age, but his novel of *Vivian Grey* had spread his reputation far and wide.

It was arranged that a procession should accompany the candidate into the town, and snugly ensconced in the window of a friend's house, I anxiously awaited his arrival. Nor was my patience put to any severe test, for ere long the head of the procession came in sight, and the long train commenced passing before me.

After a multitude of farmers had passed by, unusually vociferous shouts announced that the "observed of all observers" was near at hand, and in the midst of a dense crowd of bawling politicians, in an open carriage, from which men had removed the horses, and to draw which they had themselves become beasts of burthen, stood the would-be M. P.

Never in my life had I been so struck by a face, as I was by that of D'Israeli. It was deadly, almost lividly pale; and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blaz d out two intensely black eyes. I never have seen such another pair, either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead, were ringlets of coal-black, glossy hair—which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters, or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. There was a sort of half smile half sneer playing about his beautifully formed mouth—the upper lip of which was curved, as we see it in the portraits of Byron. I could not but imagine, that whilst listening to the "most sweet voices" of the multitude, he despised the clodhopper in his heart—so sarcastic was at times his expression. He was very showily attired, in a dark bottle-green frock coat—a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains; and in fancy pattern pantaloons. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was to be seen.—Altogether, he was the most intellectual looking exquisite I had ever seen.

The windows in the line of procession were filled with ladies, to whom D'Israeli was prodigal of his bows, and many an exclamation of delight was uttered, as his elegant form bent in acknowledgment of the cheers and waving of kerchiefs which greeted him. I, however, regarded him more in the light of a literary man, than as a politician, and did not fail to pay him due honor.

The election was lost by D'Israeli; but as a salve to the sore, the rejected candidate was, a short time afterward, invited by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton, to a public banquet in that town, at which I had the good fortune to be present.

The room was exceedingly crowded, and when everything was in readiness, accompanied by the gentlemen who had superintended the arrangements, Mr. D'Israeli entered the room, amidst vociferous cheering. Surrounded, as he was, by burly yeomen, and fat farmers, who were habited in plain attire, his slight and graceful figure, and London made garments, presented a marked contrast. Having taken his seat on the left of the President, the business of eating and drinking commenced—which, being despatched, the most attractive part of the day's proceedings, at least to my thinking, commenced.

After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been drunk—the President proposed the health of their distinguished guest; and when the applause which followed had subsided, D'Israeli rose to respond to the compliment which had been paid to him.

He commenced in a lisping, lack-a-daisical tone of voice which had I not listened to with my own proper ears, I never could have believed to have belonged to the author of *Vivian Grey*. He mimed his phrases in apparently the most affected manner, and whilst he was speaking, placed his hands in all imaginable positions. Not because he felt awkward, and did not know, like a booby in a drawing-room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now, he would place his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and spread out his fingers on his flashy waistcoat—then, one set of digits would be released, and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand—anon he would push aside the curls from his forehead—but it would be ridiculous to note down all his motions. Boz had not then created Mantalini, or that personage might have been cited as D'Israeli's prototype.

But as he proceeded, all traces of this dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance perfectly astonishing, he referred to past events, and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparing satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said, he proved himself to be the finished orator—every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended, that every hearer was wrapt in admiring surprise. His vast information seemed scarcely less limited than his brilliant imagination. Even common place subjects, in his hand, underwent transformation by a process of mental alchemy. Midas like, he turned all he touched into gold. Yet there was no lack of good, sound, sterling common sense—he never forgot the real in the ideal. His voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical, and sonorous, and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His upper extremities no longer appeared to be exhibited for show, they exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed into a man of mind—the Mantalini looking personage into a practised orator, and a finished elocutionist. He spoke for more than two hours, having in the course of his address embraced a vast range of subjects, many of them seeming, at the first blush, to have no connection with the theme of the day, but which he managed, by the force of his genius, to invest with a charm, and to render appropriate to his subject matter.

In the evening of that day I sat in the next box to him at the Theatre, where, of course, he was a greater attraction than the men who were murder-

ing Shakspeare; but what a change. D'Israeli was the dandy again. Attired in the extreme of fashion, he sat in his box with the same sarcastic smile on his countenance as I had observed in the morning; and whilst he patted the edge of his box with his primrose gloved hand, there was a mockingly scornful expression in his lustrous eyes.

After several ineffectual attempts to get into Parliament, he at last succeeded in being elected for Maidstone; but he now represents one of the Shrewsbury boroughs. I have frequently heard him speak in the House of Commons; indeed, I was present at his famous *debut*. A great deal was expected from his maiden speech; but it was, as is, indeed, almost always the case, a partial failure. He has now, however, got over the awkwardness incident to new members, and holds his own with no little ability. The reader of the English journals will not fail to have observed his bitter and savage attacks on Sir Robert Peel, whom he seems determined to worry and annoy, by keeping open the old sore, and adding fresh caustic to it when all had supposed it to be on the point of healing kindly.

The novel of "Coningsby" is remarkable in many points of view. In America it is impossible for it to be fully appreciated; for the personages of the novel are all drawn from the life, and its great charm consists in the exquisite strokes of satire which every where abound in it. It must have been a bitter pill for John Wilson Croker to swallow. He is drawn in the character of Mr. Rigby; but as a "Key to Coningsby" has been published, it is needless for me to further advert to the matter.

There is another literary Member of Parliament, whose poems have been republished, I believe, in this country; I mean Robert Milnes has the rare good fortune, amongst writers, to be independent in his circumstances. He is graceful in person, his countenance is highly intelligent, and he looks the poet. There appeared a very admirable full length sketch of him in a late number of the London Illustrated News, and to that journal I would refer those who may feel interested as to his outward man. Milnes is a good speaker, and report says a delightful companion. I used to fancy that he looked rather out of place in the House. He has just sent to press a new edition of *Kent's Poems*, and a life of the poet, the friends of Keats having furnished him with all the necessary papers. The work he is bringing out at his own expense, so that we may expect a charming volume. I am glad to see that Messrs Ticknor, of Boston, announce its intended republication here.

I have thus rapidly sketched some of the prominent literary men of the House of Commons, and also a few of the leading debaters. I might have greatly increased my list, especially of those in the literary line, for there are in Parliament swarms of poets, whose productions appear in some of the aristocratic annuals, such as the *Keepsake*, and which are never read but by themselves. The reader will doubtless excuse my not enumerating them, for on this "slumberous summer afternoon," while I am writing, the mere chronicling of their names and works (!) would act as a narcotic. Unwilling therefore, to crown either myself or the reader with poppies, I quit the subject, hoping next week to appear in gentler company.

#### DREAM REVELATIONS.

An article published in the Journal last summer, treating dreams on what we thought philosophical grounds, has brought to our hands a number of communications, detailing instances of what may be called dream revelations, most of them narrated by the individuals to whom they occurred. It is of course inconsistent with our ordinary ideas of nature, that any one can acquire a knowledge, while asleep, of events that are afterwards to take place; and it is desirable that our ideas of natural procedure should not be in any degree confounded by a propensity to vulgar marvels. At the same time, no one can be quite sure that such things are out of the range of nature; and even Dr. Abercrombie has thought it not improper to introduce several of them into his "Intellectual Philosophy," apparently in the hope that they may yet be explained on some principle connected with recognised laws. For this reason, but chiefly because we think they will harmlessly entertain our readers, we make a selection from the communications in question. The first is from a lady, resident in a remote and insulated region of Britain, whose sprightly talents have already been repeatedly evidenced in these pages.

"Though happily, both by constitution and education, more free from all superstitious influences than most people, I have been often led to make remarks on the subject of dreams; so often, that I am inclined to believe, if all were to contribute their stock of personal experience on this point, it would be found that there are not more things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I merely here intend to put down, at random almost, a very few of what I remember of my own experiences in the way of dreaming. In most of the instances when my dreams have been almost literally fulfilled, the recollection of them has only occurred to me on their fulfilment, which generally happens very speedily. On one occasion last winter, I imagined I was in church in the front seat of the side gallery, and while engaged in prayer, I saw some persons carry in a plain coffin into the lower area. The silence that ensued was breathless; and I was saying to myself, as I supposed each one was doing, 'Is this for me?' when the coffin-bearers looked at me, and said solemnly, and in tears, 'It is for——' naming me. I awoke immediately. I was then in perfect health; but only the second day thereafter, I was most unexpectedly and dangerously taken ill, and for three months was frequently very near death; so that I never before had such a close view of an eternal world. It was not till I had nearly quite recovered, that my dream was recalled to my remembrance, by being told that a certain neighbour—none other than the chief coffin-bearer—had wept abundantly while my life was considered in danger.

Earlier in life, I once dreamt I was bathing, and was dragged beyond my depth, near to drowning, by a particular friend; and was only rescued by my husband wading in with his clothes on, and seizing me as I was sinking. Within a week I was brought into an affecting dilemma by that same friend, and only relieved by the instrumentality of the same protecting hand.

What led me at first to put down these remarks was, that the night, or rather morning before last I had a very distressing dream of one of my little girls, four years old, being killed by the falling of the peat-stalk upon her; and last evening I was sitting alone, reading the article in Chamber's Journal on dreams, when I was startled by the most extraordinary rumbling noise and screams. On running to see what was the matter, I found the little girl alluded to had tumbled down the whole stair with a straw basket full of peats, which she had succeeded, with the love of enterprise so common in children, in dragging up stairs to take to the nursery fire. The dear child, and the peats together, rumbling down a long wooden stair, were sufficiently alarming; but, happily, she was only trigh ened. The straw basket had preserved her at the foot uninjured, and I could soon laugh heartily at the incident, which I hope will stand for the fulfilment of my dream.

With respect to presentiment, my experience has not been great; but has any person besides myself ever felt, in particular societies, or circumstances, or scenery, as if the scene were not anew to him, but only the exact repetition of circumstances, conversation, and other particulars which he had been present at on some former occasion, though undoubtedly he actually never had? Often have I felt this, and it always appears as if I were remembering what had taken place in a dream.

Our fair correspondent may rest assured that she is not singular in the latter class of experience. They are very general amongst persons of a nervous organisation. One theory about them, more interesting than convincing, is that they are the reminiscences of an earlier state of existence.

The following anecdote is from a gentleman residing at Douglas, in the Isle of Man:—"My brother, —, was in the Bush Hotel, in Bristol, one day in 183—, when the Welsh mail arrived, and a gentleman named J—, with whom he was acquainted, walked into the coffee-room. As they sat in conversation, the melancholy news arrived of the loss of the Frolic steamer upon the Naas, with all on board. Hereupon Mr. J— assumed a look of unusual seriousness, and seemed deeply affected. My brother inquiring the reason, he said he felt as if he had been just rescued from a violent death. He had designed two mornings before to leave Haverfordwest by that steamer, but was prevented by the intreaty of his wife, who had awoke during the night from a terrible dream, in which she had seen the loss of the vessel during a heavy gale. Merely to calm her mind, he had put off his journey for a day, and travelled by the mail instead; by which means his life undoubtedly had been saved." It may be remarked, that there might be nothing here beyond simple coincidence. The weather might be threatening, and the lady's dream produced by previous waking fears.

The following instances are more curious. They come from a gentleman engaged in legal business at a town in the south of Scotland:—

"Most of the writers," he says, "on the subject of dreams, deal with those which have reference to past events. To this extent I could readily accede to their reasoning. It is easy to conceive that impressions may and do remain on the mind, and that control being suspended by sleep, these impressions may present themselves in a confused and undefined mass. We frequently find remote events curiously blended with those of recent occurrence. We find places we may have visited strangely associated with those which we have read about, or heard described. We meet with relatives long since dead, and have the full conviction that we are engaged with them as in former days; or it may be that we believe them to be dead, and yet we feel no surprise that we are conversing with them. We are sometimes breathlessly ascending a steep, and at other times suffocating in water. We are conscious of fear, joy, pain, &c. All these, and a thousand other vagaries, though sufficiently mysterious, we are ready to account for on the ground that they all have some reference to, or connexion with, what the mind has already been engaged in, and that, composed of these remnant impressions, the most vivid of them present themselves when uncontrolled by the senses. I would even go a little further with this theory. Suppose a person labouring under great anxiety for the recovery of a sick relative, or for the favourable issue of some undertaking in which he is deeply interested, it often happens that, in a dream, the death of the former, and the failure of the latter, take place by anticipation. It would not be held that there was any preternatural communication of these events, because they were actually realised. Anxiety implies a dread of these results, and it is not to be wondered at that that impression should assume the appearance of an occurrence actually realised. This theory is however, greatly unhinged and dissipated when we come to deal with cases—unquestionable and well-authenticated cases—where events are distinctly and minutely portrayed, of which it is utterly impossible the mind could have any anticipation, and which even after waking from the dream, there is no reasonable ground for supposing likely to be realised. Moreover, when even dates are condensed on, and the realization comes exactly to correspond with the dates and representation in the dream, then the difficulty, not yet overcome, presents itself. It is not easy in such cases to assent to the abandonment of the mind to its own uncontrolled vagaries, as if it were a mere wheel of a vast machine left to go at random while all the rest is still. Its random effusions are conceivable until we come to this point—events anticipated or foretold, if I may use the expression. It is said that these are the exceptions, not the rule—that striking dreams of future events do happen, and by chance may turn out to be realised; but that there can be no connexion between the dream and the event; and that in ninety cases out of a hundred events may be dreamt of which never do take place. I shall not venture to grapple with the question, but shall briefly state what has occurred in my own experience.

"In the autumn of 1835, I dreamt that a near relative of my own, who died two years before, came to my bed-side. I felt fully conscious of being in my own bed, and of raising myself on my elbow when my friend approached. I was also fully sensible that he was dead; and though in his morning gown, his countenance bore the impress of death. He mentioned my name, and presented to me a coffin plate, bearing the name, age, and date of the death of a lady—the latter was 25th December 1835. I said, 'Where have you got that?' Mrs. — is still in life; and besides, the date there has not yet arrived.' He answered, 'Take it, and keep it for her; she will require it.' This lady was no relative of mine; I was only slightly acquainted with her. She was married, and had gone to a distance a considerable time before, and I had never seen nor heard of her since. When at breakfast, I in a casual way mentioned my dream, when some one jocosely remarked that I must have been thinking of her, and that to dream of deaths was always a marriage, and that my dream must have reference to her marriage. We thought no more of the matter, nor did it particularly attract the attention of any of us, until, in the course of the day, a lady happened to call, and in course of conversation asked if we had heard of the distressing illness of Mrs. —. We all declared we had not, when the lady stated that she passed through a neighbouring town yesterday on her way to her father's house, from the north, and that she was so ill, that she was obliged to remain some time at a friend's house before she could proceed. This was so far an association with the dream, that it struck all of us as a remarkable coincidence. The more extraordinary part remains to be told. On 31st December 1835 I attended her funeral, and the coffin plate, with age and date as distinctly delineated in the dream, presented themselves to my gaze. It is needless to observe, that the impression on my mind was of a very peculiar kind, and equally so on the minds of those who some months before had heard the narrative of the dream.

"Another striking, though less interesting case, occurred of a more recent date. I dreamt that, on going into my office in the morning, I found seated at his usual desk, a clerk who had left me a twelvemonth or more previously, and had since been in Edinburgh, where I had little or no communication with him. I said, 'D., how do you happen to be here; where in the world have you come

from?' I had the most distinct answer, that he had come to the country for a few days, and, with my leave, would wish for a day to enjoy the reminiscence of his former happy feelings at that desk. I replied—"Certainly; I am glad to see you. Write that deed, and then take your dinner with me." Such was the dream; and though apparently of no importance, I happened to observe at the breakfast table that I had dreamt my old clerk D. had returned to my office. After having walked out half an hour, I directed my steps to the office, and my surprise was not a little excited when I found Mr. D. seated exactly as had been represented in the dream. It might be supposed that, following out the dream, I put the question which it had suggested; but I am sure it was on the spur of the moment, and without reference to the dream, that I put that question, and my astonishment was doubly aroused when his answer corresponded almost verbatim with what I have stated. I immediately returned and stated the circumstance to my friends, who would only be satisfied of the fact by my calling Mr. D. into their presence.

"I shall just notice one further instance, out of many equally striking, in my experience. My wife and I, with our only child—a girl about a year old—were at a friend's house some miles from home. I dreamt that, on going to my room, I found my wife walking about with the child in her arms, closely wrapt in a shawl. I opened the shawl to take the child in my arms, and what was my horror to see only a withered branch in place of my blooming child. It was but a dream; but so painful was the impression, that I could not help saying to a friend in the morning that I dreaded we were to lose our child, I had had so unpleasant a presentiment from my dream. He ridiculed the idea; but within one short month the darling branch gradually withered, and was consigned to an early tomb. This is one of those cases which is not wrapt in so much mystery, as it may be conceived that a parent's anxiety, even about a healthy child, might present itself in a dream in some distorted form. Still, it is an illustration of the mystery attending the mind when the senses are prostrated.

"I shall just mention one case which was told to me by an advocate. He had arranged to accompany a friend to Newhaven to bathe, and they were to set out about six o'clock in the morning. Immediately before getting out of bed, he dreamt that he was struggling in the water to save a young man from drowning. Within little more than an hour of the dream, he was in reality engaged in saving the life of a boy. He had just reached the sea side, when he saw the boy beyond his depth, and without fully undressing, he rushed in and saved him.

"I could not have the slightest hesitation in giving you the names of every one to whom I have referred in these observations, though I should neither like their names nor my own to be made public."

### THE CROSS OF DANZIG.

"Ay, heaven and earth do cry, Impossible!  
The shuddering angels round the eternal throne,  
Veiling themselves in glory, shriek, Impossible!  
But hell doth know it true!"—MATURIN.

In the All-stadt, or old town of Danzig, there lived many years ago—so long, indeed, that the name has passed into oblivion—an artist, whom we shall call Jacopo. He inhabited a small ruinous house in an obscure street, communicating with somewhat extensive premises at the back, in the same dilapidated condition, which he had converted into a workshop, and crowded with an assemblage of heterogeneous articles, evincing at once the powerful but wayward genius of its inmate. It may be, that he had come there full of a thousand high and glad aspirations, which had made bright that desolate abode, until gradually its gloom settled on his own spirit, as hope after hope died away, and the too common doom of genius darkened around him—poverty and neglect! There was no scope in the narrow circle where he dwelt for an intellect burning to distinguish itself by some mighty work; and yet it died not out, but turned with its wild, vain yearnings, and consumed its possessor.

Jacopo, at the time our tale commences, was verging on his twenty-seventh year; of a tall, gaunt figure, generally but meanly clad, although with a certain air of nobleness. His cheeks were pale and hollow, his lips thin, disclosing teeth which glittered from contrast with the dark, neglected beard and moustache; his forehead broad and massive, and his eyes like two burning lights! The sole inhabitants of the artist's dwelling consisted of an old woman, half-stupid, and wholly deaf, whose office was no sinecure for one of her age; and an apprentice, called Peter Speyke, an idiot, but harmless and good natured withal, evincing a deep love for his gentle craft, together with no small skill in its ruder branches. Some there were who ventured to say that both master and man were equally mad, although the mad lady displayed itself in a different manner, an assertion which the blazing eyes and wayward temper of Jacopo went far to confirm. While others, judging him in a kinder spirit saw only in these things the natural consequences of a disappointed ambition preying on itself.

In the next house resided one Herr Vanderhoff, a watchmaker by trade; although he was not above setting and repairing old jewellery, dealt in antiques, and was ready, in fact, for all that came in his way; affording by his robust form, and blithe, good humoured countenance, a vivid contrast to his less fortunate neighbour. But then how could the father of Meta Vanderhoff be anything else but happy and contented? It seemed as though the sunshine of her fair young face, the music of her glad laugh, had power to dispel the darkest cloud, and make one care little for outward things, so they could hope to cherish and keep alive this sweet household light.

At the time of which we write she was but seventeen, beautiful as a dream, and joyous as a fairy, with a heart full to overflowing with love and kindness for every living thing; and yet for all her rare loveliness and sunny spirit, we never could see any thing marvellous in the growing attachment which sprang up between her and the young artist, for was he not neglected and alone in the world? gifted, and yet unhappy!—spells far more dangerous than wealth or worldly honours. Few care to follow, or even lead, amid a crowd of worshippers, but who has not yearned to be the all in all of one lonely heart? And, had the choice been given her, she would have infinitely preferred the office of ministering angel to the man she loved than to have been a queen upon the throne; and, therefore, we wonder not at Meta's devotion, although many did, and even her old father just at first; and yet he soon came round to her way of thinking, moved by the simple arguments which she made use of to work upon his honest sympathies.

"Father, in the whole world he has but me; shall I, too, desert him?"  
"Now the saints forbid! and yet—and yet I cannot help feeling that your love might have been better bestowed."  
"But where could it be more needed?"



"They say," continued the watchmaker, without attempting to answer this woman's reasoning, "that Jacopo's temper is harsh and violent."

"It was never so to me."

"That he earns barely sufficient for his own scanty support."

"I know it," interrupted the girl, with a heightened colour; "but what happiness to labour for those we love!"

"That his health is declining."

"And, therefore, the more need of a nurse. Is that all, my father?"

If it was not, the old man had no heart to say more, and Meta felt that she had triumphed.

It has been beautifully said, that there is nothing so dear to woman as a sense of dependence, but few understand the sentiment in its nobleness and simplicity; and hence we often hear a woman pined for having married one beneath her, and so sacrificed, as it seems to them, every claim to this sweet feeling; forgetting, in the worldly view which they take of the subject, that all women who love are equally dependent, let the object of that attachment be who or what he may. Dependent on his affection for the kind word and look which makes up her dream of happiness, on his faith for its continuance, on his forbearance for forgiveness of her own errors—and who is there that does not sometimes offend?—and on his honour for her own; and so, while many thought that Vanderhoff's heiress might have looked higher, the girl herself, in the recesses of her own pure heart, half feared she had been too ambitious, wondering what she could have done to be singled out by one so gifted as the young artist, for his poverty was forgotten in his genius, and seeking only to be worthy of his preference. And even where, as in this case, the girl's own affection creates and deifies its idol, there is something sacred in such worship.

The love of Jacopo for this young and beautiful girl (for who could see her and love her not!) served but to add a deeper intensity to the one all engrossing passion of his soul,—the wild yearning after fame which had haunted him from his very boyhood, and failed as yet to realise its own glorious imaginings. He was proud, too, not of her, but himself, and would have had his bride the envy of all Danzig; and yet he wronged her not by thinking it would add one iota to her pure and gentle affection, but looked rather to the world—that world, the neglect of which had hitherto condemned him to a life of obscurity, for it was opportunity only that he wanted to make him great. The young and aspiring always reason thus. Many pine away and die, waiting for it to come to pass. Some suffer it to escape when thrust into their very grasp, and it never comes again; while a few, seizing the propitious hour, climb at once to the very pinnacle of fame. Even now it was beginning to dawn for Jacopo, although as yet he saw it not.

Two strangers paused before his dwelling, where a few articles, exquisitely carved in wood attested at once the calling and genius of its inmate. They were of a higher order than was usually seen in the neighbourhood, and had evidently mistaken their way, and stumbling upon the artist's domicile by accident, were struck by these specimens of his skill; but presently passed on without entering, thinking little of it at the time, although the recollection afterwards occurred to them, and stamped the future destiny of Jacopo. On such slight incidents hang our happiness or misery, our elevation or despair.

But it is time that some brief mention should be made of one who was fated to play a conspicuous part in this our melancholy history of the past—Peter Speyke. He was tall and well-formed, with a countenance of almost womanly beauty, and wore his hair long, and hanging in natural curls upon his shoulders, while the expression of meek helplessness stamped upon his pale face won for him universal sympathy. Although generally silent and almost sad, the presence, even the voice, of Meta Vanderhoff, was sufficient at all times to arouse him from his lethargy. And he has been known to arise at daybreak and walk miles and miles into the country to procure for her only a simple flower, which she had expressed an idle wish to possess. While for months his leisure hours were employed in the manufacture of a small ivory cross, and more than repaid by the smiles with which the girl received it, and fastening his gift to the black ribbon which she always wore, placed it in her bosom. The truth was that Meta, at that period of her life, was so happy in herself, that her joyous spirit could not rest without communicating something of its own light to those around; and loving Jacopo as she did, even the idiot apprentice, whom he had fostered, came in for a share of that affection so lavishly bestowed on all pertaining to her idol.

And now a change came over the whole life of the artist and he rested only with himself to realise the haunting visions of his restless and aspiring spirit. He had an order given him to execute for one of the principal churches of Danzig, although what it was he refused to disclose, and snatching himself up in his workshop, pondered over its conception day and night; nor could even the caresses of Meta, who feared for his health, draw him away from the contemplation of his great task. The artist felt that the hour was come at last when he must carve out his own fame, or sink back for ever into obscurity and neglect, and, conscious of his own strength, gloried with a wild foretaste of triumphant genius in the coming trial. What! if there were to be many competitors! Still he would, he must succeed; and their defeat might serve to enhance his glory! Now was the time to shew his native city, the world, nay, and posterity itself, what the art of one man could plan and execute! And, thus dreaming, the aspiring enthusiast closed his dazzled eyes, and fainted away through weariness and exhaustion.

When he again recovered, his head rested upon the bosom of the terrified Meta, who, in her fear of losing him, cared not who saw how much she loved him, her mingled tears and kisses falling upon his brow like rain. A little apart stood the idiot, with a bewildered air, looking less upon the prostrate form of his master than that fair face which bent over him like a ministering angel. While the kind-hearted watchmaker, in his anxiety to be of use, got into every one's way, and did more harm than good.

"Jacopo," said Meta, gently, as those strangely glittering eyes unclosed at length, and were riveted upon hers with a searching wildness, "are you better, dearest?"

"Better?"

"Yes, you have been ill, so ill! Peter found you extended on the floor of your workshop, insensible for very weariness. Indeed, you must not study thus."

"Ah! pity that the body should be so much weaker than the spirit! But I have frightened you, my little Meta!"

"No, no; it is past now—now that you are yourself again." And the poor girl, trying to smile, bowed down her sweet head and wept.

It was evening, and as they sat thus the lingering rays of a bright autumn sunset penetrated to the apartment, and falling upon the pale, gentle countenance of the idiot as he leant silently against the window-frame, lighted it up, together with the long, bright curls by which it was shaded into an almost

divine beauty. Even Herr Vanderhoff, who, if the truth must be told, had but little taste for the picturesque, was struck with its radiance, and bending towards his intended son-in-law, asked in a whisper if it did not resemble that of our Saviour in the painting which he had that morning shewn him, and which had been sent for the watchmaker to revive.

Jacopo looked up languidly, but gradually his glance brightened to a strange and unearthly brilliancy.

"It will do!" exclaimed the artist, with a wild, exulting laugh, and was again insensible.

For several days after this, Meta and the old deaf woman tended him unceasingly; while, conscious how much he required strength for the accomplishment of his task, Jacopo remained passive in their hands, taking all that was prescribed for him, and swallowing food and medicine with the same mechanical avidity, but rarely remembering to be grateful for the gentle care which administered them. He was in general moody and silent, answering when addressed somewhat incoherently, as though his thoughts were far away, and quickly relapsing into his usual gloomy reserve. But Meta never suffered a murmur to escape her lips, seeking rather to make excuse for his waywardness to others, and declaring that she ought to think herself a happy girl who had no other rival in the breast of her lover but his art; and when he recovered at length went back to her quiet household duties, and beguiled the time by thinking how glad and joyous they should all be again when this great work was completed; and, even if Jacopo was not successful, which seemed scarcely possible how she would strive to woo him by her tenderness into forgetfulness of his disappointment.

And now for many weeks Jacopo was but seldom seen, even by his betrothed; but toiled alone at his mysterious task, having expressly forbidden nor to intrude upon him. And when he came forth for a few hours in the evening, she was shocked to see the fearful change which had taken place in so short a time in her lover. His face was deadly pale, his eyes heavy and blood-shot, and his very voice, which died away when it would have spoken in low mutterings, seemed altered. Even Peter Speyke did not make his appearance as usual to look out in the early morning for the smile which he had said made his sunlight; or the kind "Good night," which was as good as a blessing. And on Meta's inquiring after him she was carelessly told that he had gone home.

"Well, I am glad of that," said the girl, "for I remember one day when I was asking Peter about his kindred, he told me he had no home but heaven! And so I fancied from that you were his only friend. He has not looked well of late, and the change may do him good. But he will come back again, Jacopo, will he not?"

"Now heaven forbid!" said the artist, with a shudder.

"What, you have not quarrelled, surely, with poor Peter Speyke?"

"No matter, you will see him no more!"

"Well I am sorry," replied Meta, with tearful eyes.

"Beware!" said her companion, sternly, "lest you lead me to suspect that you love this idiot better than me."

The girl looked up wonderingly into his dark, averted face.

"Jacopo," said she, gently, "you are not in earnest."

"No, no, silly child! But let me hear no more of this madman." And, pressing his lips to her fair brow, he went back to his task.

About this time, there arose a report in the neighbourhood that the artist's dwelling was haunted; strange sounds being said to be heard by those in the immediate vicinity issuing from thence, not only at night, but even the broad noon-day, which were likened by the listener to nothing human, but rather resembling the cry of a spirit in torture, mingled with shouts of wild, unnatural laughter. Even Meta and her father, more than once, either heard, or fancied that they could distinguish, these supernatural sounds; and it served to render the girl more than ever anxious for the safety of her wayward lover; so that the next time they met she pleaded, with tears, for permission to share his lonely vigils; to sit at his feet, and neither speak nor breathe, but only be near him, and know that he was safe; but was refused, with a sternness which made her fear to renew the subject again, but did not serve to allay her fears on his behalf.

It was night, and, in spite of their proximity to the haunted dwelling of the artist, the quiet household of Vanderhoff had long sunk into slumber; all but Meta, who could not rest. And as she sat by the casement, looking out into the dark street beneath, or the heavens above, which not a star lent its feeble light to illuminate, she thought of her Jacopo, and a like gloom fell upon her own heart. She fancied him, with an aching brow and trembling hand, sitting at his lone and midnight employment, too absorbed to heed the lapse of time, or even the calls of hunger; or, weary and exhausted, sinking ever and anon into temporary insensibility; and then recovering, only to bend once more over that mysterious work which was fast destroying him; or, worse still, passing away, perhaps in one of those long death-like swoons for ever! And so powerfully did these thoughts press upon her imagination, that, forgetting her lover's caution, or, rather, his positive command, that she was never, on pain of his displeasure, to venture to intrude, or seek in any way to penetrate through the veil of secrecy in which he thought fit to shroud his great undertaking, she drew her mantle around her, and, passing from the house unobserved, entered that of the artist,—for bolts and bars were things unknown at the time of which we write. At that moment, Meta never thought of the fearful tales so current in the neighbourhood; nor would she have turned back even if she had, the equal danger of him she loved giving her courage to proceed.

Afraid to venture into his presence, she only purposed, in her devotion, to remain within call, in case he should be taken ill; and, seating herself softly on the sill of the workshop door, leant her head against it, and felt quite happy again in her proximity to her lover, until startled on a sudden by a low, faint wail so full of human agony that it struck upon her heart like an ice bolt! And yet there was something familiar even in its wildness; and then the artist's voice was heard, as if in exultation.

"Ah! one moment. There, I have it now; the very expression. Admirable! I shall triumph yet!"

Moved by an irresistible impulse of curiosity, the girl knelt softly down, and, applying her eye to the keyhole, uttered a shriek so long and wild, that the wailing within was hushed all of a sudden. And, dashing out the lamp by which he worked, the artist sprang up with a savage cry; and, fastening the door behind him, lifted Meta from the ground, and bore her into the outer room; where, placing his insensible burden upon a rude couch, he proceeded to mix some ingredients in a goblet of water, with which to revive, or send her to sleep for ever! Heaven only knows which, for the convulsive workings of his white and livid features were fearful to look upon, while his eyes blazed out from their deep sockets like two burning coals. Presently, the girl began to re-

cover; and, kneeling down upon the ground by her side, he bent forward to catch her first words.

"Jacopo, dear Jacopo!" she murmured, while a strange smile played about her pale and quivering lips. "What signifies your poverty, so we love one another? It is love, and not wealth or honour, which makes up the sum of human happiness upon earth!"

The artist turned aside, and flung away the contents of the goblet with a wild laugh.

"Poor child!" said he, "she is mad! They are all mad, I think." And, raising her slight form in his arms, he bore her into the next house, and, laying her on the bed, without disturbing any of the family, went back to his task.

Great was the consternation of the good watchmaker and his household, when, on Meta's not making her appearance at her usual hour the following morning, those who went to summon her found her with flushed cheek and glittering eyes, raving wildly of things that could have no existence save in her own imagination, and pausing ever and anon to wring her hands and weep like a child. Jacopo was sent for immediately, and declared her mind to be wandering, hinting the possibility of her having encountered some of those evil spirits which had been said of late to haunt the neighbourhood—an idea which was eagerly seized upon, and believed by the superstitious inhabitants; recommending perfect quiet, and offering the assistance of his domestic, the old deaf woman, in whose skill he professed to have great faith, to watch by her bedside. While Vanderhoff, too much stunned and bewildered by this sudden blow to think of remonstrating, left him to do almost exactly as he pleased; and was grateful for the many hours which Jacopo stole from his favourite studies to devote to the afflicted girl.

In spite of the artist's precaution, however, many visited the sick chamber from time to time who were not quite so deaf as the old woman whom he had placed there; and it was noticed, and commented upon afterwards, that, in her unconscious wanderings, Meta spoke less of her lover than the idiot, Peter Speyke, upon whose name she was continually calling in piteous accents of agony and despair; from which they inferred that her love had all along been his, and that she was grieving over his absence; while a circumstance happened about this time which seemed to confirm the apparent justice of their suspicions.

In turning one day, the black riband which Meta constantly wore became unfastened, and along with a locket containing her mother's hair was a small ivory cross, with the initials P. S. delicately engraved on the back. And, while the women were curiously examining it, for there was no one else present but themselves and the old nurse, the invalid, on a sudden, seemed to become aware of what they were doing; and, fixing her starting eyeballs up in the cross, as one of them involuntarily held it towards her, uttered a succession of such shrill and piercing shrieks, that they were fain to bury their heads in the clothes. And none ever heard them, but the recollection haunted them to their dying day.

Jacopo, alarmed by the confusion, came in hastily, accompanied by the poor old watchmaker, and, snatching away the cross with a wild curse, broke it in pieces, and flung the shattered atoms through the open casement; while Vanderhoff, now seriously afraid that his daughter's reason had, indeed, departed for ever, insisted upon having medical advice, which he had hitherto, at the artist's suggestion, declined calling in. And departing to seek for the best physician Danzig afforded, he was left alone with his betrothed; the nurse, who was worn out with watching, gladly accepting his permission to withdraw and seek a few hours' repose.

The girl had sunk again to sleep, and, as he sat in that still chamber, his mind wandered away to the anticipation of the triumphs that awaited him. To-morrow was the appointed day, and he had already sent in his work; nor had the start of wonder and admiration with which it was received been lost upon the exulting artist. He had seen it amidst a host of rival competitors, like the moon on a starlight night; and bent down a charmed ear to the whispers of coming greatness which every where seemed to haunt and gladden him. But Meta, she who would have so rejoiced with him, where was she now? Stricken down like a withered flower in her beauty and her love; and, whether she lived or died, lost to him for ever! Nay, through his set teeth, he might be heard praying audibly for her death, as if that pale girl alone stood between him and immortality.

Better than an hour passed away thus; and then Meta grew restless, and began talking to herself, while every word she uttered fell like drops of burning fire upon the frenzied ear of him who held his very breath to listen, and then turned away, horror-stricken and afraid.

"This must not be," murmured the artist, at length; "she must be silenced somehow, or I am lost!"

He approached the bedside as he spoke, while Meta hid her face in the clothes, and shrieked aloud when she saw him.

"Silence!" exclaimed Jacopo, scarcely less excited—silence, I say!"

And the girl, quailing before his glance, became suddenly still, only wringing her hands, and moaning at intervals;—while, still keeping his eyes fixed upon hers, he laid his trembling grasp on the pillow, and was in the act of—smoothing it, perhaps! when the door opened, and admitted Vanderhoff and the physician.

The long-expected day arrived at length; and, before its conclusion, the name of Jacopo had spread like magic through his native city—the name of the successful candidate—the great artist of Danzig!—while his competitors, struck with the vast inferiority of their own performances, never thought of disputing the general verdict, but even assisted in his triumph. The place engaged for the exhibition of the skill of the various artists was thronged by a motley crowd, all anxious to gaze upon this specimen of the rare genius of their countryman, for none thought of looking beyond the successful prize. It was a crucifix, exquisitely carved in wood, in an admirable style of art, and with wonderful truth of expression; so that it seemed fearfully beautiful to behold, raising an involuntary thrill of horror and delight. The dying agonies of our Saviour were here faithfully depicted; the anguish of the human being softened and hallowed by a touch of divine resignation. And yet the countenance seemed familiar too, and many could have sworn that they had seen it often and oftentimes before,—it may be in those paintings and images of our Lord, which then, more frequently than in latter days, were to be met with in the houses and altars of Danzig; while some few turned away from its contemplation with no feeling save pity for its gifted artist, since, with all his genius, he could never be quite happy again, having lost her he loved; for they had just heard that Meta Vanderhoff died that morning in her father's arms, leaving Jacopo no consolation save her memory and his art.

Alas, how fleeting and transitory is the breath of popularity! Before night-fall, the very same crowd of worshippers, who now bowed down, awe-stricken,

before the spell of a mighty and powerful intellect, stood round about his dwelling with fierce yells, and sought for the artist only that they might wreak upon him a terrible vengeance, or in their own wild and energetic language, "tear him limb from limb!"

The truth was that, in the meantime, a report, originating most likely with the physician who had attended Meta in her last moments and listened wonderingly to the dark revelations of her wandering spirit, afterwards corroborated by a thousand trivial circumstances, got about that the idiot apprentice, whose sudden and mysterious disappearance all could remember, had been murdered by his master, most likely through jealousy, and the body concealed somewhere about the premises; this wild supposition accounting for the shrieks and cries which had been heard at times issuing from thence. And, the rumour rapidly gaining ground among the lower classes, they collected in a dense mass, and sallied out at once to the dwelling of the suspected artist. But, not receiving any reply to their shouts and imprecations, entered, at length, finding no one in the deserted habitation but the old deaf woman, who bewildered by their numbers and savage gestures, stood by in stupid silence, while the crowd, despairing of getting any intelligence out of her, commenced tearing up the flooring and walls, destroying with senseless fury every thing that came in their way; but for a long time found nothing to justify such an outrage;—until, on removing a secret panel in the mysterious workshop, out fell the cold and stiffened body of the idiot, wholly uncovered, with the arms extended, and nailed hands and feet to a rude wooden cross! And now, recollecting how, in Jacopo's late *chef d'œuvre*, they had been struck with the familiarity of the countenance, the horrible truth flashed upon them all at once; in order to depict with more fidelity of expression the dying agony he had to portray, Jacopo has actually *empathed and crucified his unfortunate apprentice!*

It is said that, in the fearful excitement which followed the poor old woman fell a sacrifice to the brutal fury of the mob; but the artist himself, of whose sanity no doubt remained, managed to escape from Danzig, and was never afterwards heard of. It is fortunate that some lover of the art succeeded for a time in secreting the fatal cross, which would have otherwise been inevitably destroyed; and, many years after, it was again brought forth, and placed in the cathedral, where it may be still seen to this day, although the name of the inventor has long since passed into oblivion, from which we would not recall it even if we could. Such is the wild and melancholy legend attached to the CROSS OF DANZIG.

## MARLBOROUGH.—NO. I.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALEXANDER the Great said, when he approached the tomb of Achilles, "Oh! fortunate youth, who had a Homer to be the herald of your fame!"—"And well did he say so," says the Roman historian: "for, unless the *Iliad* had been written, the same earth which covered his body would have buried his name." Never was the truth of these words more clearly evinced than in the case of the Duke of Marlborough. Consummate as were the abilities, unbroken the success, immense the services of this great commander, he can scarcely be said to be known to the vast majority of his countrymen. They have heard the distant echo of his fame as they have that of the exploits of Timur, of Bajazet, and of Genghis Khan; the names of Blenheim and Ramillies, of Malplaquet and Oudenarde, awaken a transient feeling of exultation in their bosom; but as to the particulars of these events, the difficulties with which their general had to struggle, the objects for which he contended, even the places where they occurred, they are, for the most part, as ignorant as they are of similar details in the campaigns of Baber or Aurengzebe. What they do know, is derived chiefly, if not entirely, from the histories of their enemies. Marlborough's exploits have made a prodigious impression on the Continent. The French, who felt the edge of his flaming sword, and saw the glories of the *Grande Monarque* torn from the long triumphant brow of Louis XIV.; the Dutch, who found in his conquering arm the stay of their sinking republic, and their salvation from slavery and persecution; the Germans, who saw the flames of the Palatinate avenged by his resistless power, and the ravages of war rolled back from the Rhine into the territory of the state which had provoked them; the Lutherans, who beheld in him the appointed instrument of divine vengeance, to punish the abominable perfidy and cruelty of the revocation of the edict of Nantes—have concurred in celebrating his exploits. The French nurses frightened their children with stories of "Mallbrook," as the Orientals say, when their horses start, they see the shadow of Richard Cœur-de-Lion crossing their path. Napoleon hummed the well-known air, "Marlbrook s'en va à la guerre," when he crossed the Niemen to commence the Moscow campaign. But in England, the country which he has made illustrious, the nation he has saved, the land of his birth, he is comparatively forgotten; and were it not for the popular pages of Voltaire, and the shadow which a great name throws over the stream of time in spite of every neglect, he would be virtually unknown at this moment to nineteen-twentieths of the British people.

John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was born on the 5th July 1650, (new style,) at Ash in the county of Devon. His father was Sir Winston Churchill, a gallant cavalier who had drawn his sword in behalf of Charles II., and had in consequence been deprived of his fortune and driven into exile by Cromwell. His paternal family was very ancient, and boasted its descent from the *Courcils* de Poitou, who came into England with the Conqueror.—His mother was Elizabeth Drake, who claimed a collateral connexion with the descendants of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake, the great navigator. Young Churchill received the rudiments of his education from the parish clergyman in Devonshire, from whom he imbibed that firm attachment to the Protestant faith by which he was ever afterwards distinguished, and which determined his conduct in the most important crisis of his life. He was afterwards placed at the school of St. Paul's and it was there that he first discovered, on reading Vegetius, that his bent of mind was decidedly for the military life. Like many other men destined for future distinction, he made no great figure as a scholar, a circumstance easily explained, if we recollect that it is on the knowledge of words that the reputation of a school-boy, of things that of a man, is founded. But the despatches now published demonstrate that, before he attained middle life, he was a proficient at least in Latin, French and English composition; for letters in each, written in a very pure style, are to be found in all parts of his correspondence.

From early youth, young Churchill was distinguished by the elegance of his manners and the beauty of his countenance and figure—advantages which, coupled with the known loyal principles of his father, and the sufferings he had undergone in the loyal cause, procured for him, at the early age of fifteen, the situation of page in the household of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. His inclination for arms was then so decided, that that prince procured



for him a commission in one of the regiments of guards when he was only sixteen years old. His uncommonly handsome figure then attracted no small share of notice from the beauties of the court of Charles II., and even awakened a passion in one of the royal mistresses herself. Impatient to signalize himself, however, he left their seductions, and embarked as a volunteer in the expedition against Tangiers in 1666. Thus his first essay in arms was made in action against the Moors. Having returned to Great Britain, he attracted the notice of the Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, then the favorite mistress of Charles II., who had distinguished him by her regard before he embarked for Africa and who made him a present of £5000, with which the young soldier bought an annuity of £500 a year, which laid the foundation, says Chesterfield, of all his subsequent fortunes. Charles, to remove a dangerous rival in her unsteady affections, gave him a company in the guards, and sent him to the Continent with the auxiliary force which, in those days of English humiliation, the cabinet of St. James's furnished to Louis XIV. to aid him in subduing the United Provinces. Thus, by a singular coincidence, it was under Turenne, Conde, and Vauban that the future conqueror of the Bourbons, first learned the art of scientific warfare. Wellington went through the same discipline, but in the inverse order: his first campaigns were made against the French in Flanders, his next against the bastions of Tipoo and the Mahratta horse in Hindostan.

Churchill had not been long in Flanders, before his talents and gallantry won for him deserved distinction. The campaign of 1672, which brought the French armies to the gates of Amsterdam, and placed the United States within a hair's-breadth of destruction, was to him fruitful in valuable lessons. He distinguished himself afterwards so much at the siege of Nimeguen, that Turenne, who constantly called him by his sobriquet of "the handsome Englishman," predicted that he would one day be a great man. In the following year he had the good fortune to save the life of his colonel, the Duke of Monmouth; and distinguished himself so much at the siege of Maestricht, that Louis XIV. publicly thanked him at the head of his army, and promised him his powerful influence with Charles II. for future promotion. He little thought what a formidable enemy he was then fostering at the court of his obsequious brother sovereign. The result of Louis XIV.'s intercession was, that Churchill was made lieutenant colonel; and he continued to serve with the English auxiliary force in Flanders, under the French generals, till 1677, when he returned with his regiment to London. Beyond all doubt it was these five years' service under the great masters of the military art, who then sustained the power and cast a halo round the crown of Louis XIV., which rendered Marlborough the consummate commander that, from the moment he was placed at the head of the Allied armies, he showed himself to have become. One of the most interesting and instructive lessons to be learned from biography is the long steps, the vast amount of previous preparations, the numerous changes, some prosperous, others adverse, by which the mind of a great man is formed, and he is prepared for playing the important part he is intended to perform on the theatre of the world. Providence does nothing in vain, and when it has selected a particular mind for great achievements, the events which happen to it all seem to conspire in a mysterious way for its development. Were any one omitted, some essential quality in the character of the future hero, statesman, or philosopher would be found to be wanting.

Here also, as in every other period of history, we may see how unprincipled ambition overthrows itself, and the measures which seem at first sight most securely to establish its oppressive reign, are the unseen means by which an overruling power works out its destruction. Doubtless the other ministers of Louis XIV. deemed their master's power secure when this English alliance was concluded; when the English monarch had become a state pensioner of the court of Versailles; when a secret treaty had united them by apparently indissoluble bonds; when the ministers equally and the patriots of England were corrupted by his bribes; when the dreaded fleets of Britain were to be seen in union with those of France, to break down the squadrons of an insupportable republic; when descendants of the conquerors of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour stood side by side with the successors of the vanquished in those disastrous fields, to achieve the conquest of Flanders and Holland. Without doubt, so far as human foresight could go, Louvois and Colbert were right. Nothing could appear so decidedly calculated to fix the power of Louis XIV. on an immovable foundation. But how vain are the calculations of the greatest human intellects, when put in opposition to the overruling will of Omnipotence! It was that very English alliance which ruined Louis XIV., as the Austrian alliance and marriage, which seemed to put the keystone in the arch of his greatness, afterwards ruined Napoleon. By the effect, and one of the most desired effects, of the English alliance, a strong body of British auxiliaries were sent to Flanders; the English officers learned the theory and practice of war in the best of all schools, and under the best of all teachers; that ignorance of the military art the result in every age of our insular situation, and which generally causes the four or five first years of every war to terminate in disaster, was for the time removed, and that mighty genius was developed under the eye of Louis XIV., and by the example of Turenne, which was destined to hurl back to their own frontiers the tide of Gallic invasion, and close in mourning the reign of the *Grande Monarque*. "*Les hommes agissent,*" says Bossuet, "*mais Dieu les mène.*"

Upon Churchill's return to London, the brilliant reputation which had preceded, and the even augmented personal advantages which accompanied him, immediately rendered him the idol of beauty and fashion. The ladies of the palace vied for his homage—the nobles of the land hastened to cultivate his society. Like Julius Cæsar, he was carried away by the stream, and plunged into the vortex of courtly dissipation with the ardour which marks an energetic character in the pursuit whether of good or evil. The elegance of his person and manners, and charms of his conversation, prevailed so far with Charles II. and the Duke of York, that soon after, though not yet thirty years of age, he obtained a regiment. In 1680 he married the celebrated Sarah Jennings, the favourite lady in attendance on the Princess Anne, second daughter of the Duke of York, one of the most admired beauties of the court, and this alliance increased his influence, already great, with that Prince, and laid the foundation of the future grandeur of his fortunes. Shortly after his marriage he accompanied the Duke of York to Scotland, in the course of which they both were nearly shipwrecked on the coast of Fife. On this occasion the Duke made the greatest efforts to preserve his favourite's life, and succeeded in doing so, although the danger was such that many of the Scottish nobles perished under his eye. On his return to London in 1682, he was presented by his patron to the King, who made him colonel of the third regiment of guards. When the Duke of York ascended the throne in 1685, on the demise of his brother, Churchill kept his place as one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and was raised to the rank of brigadier general. He was sent by his sovereign to Paris to notify his accession to Louis XIV., and on his return he was created a peer

by the title of Baron Churchill of Sandbridge in the county of Hertford—a title which he took from an estate there which he had acquired in right of his wife. On the revolt of the Duke of Monmouth, he had an opportunity of showing at once his military ability, and, by a signal service, his gratitude to his benefactor. Lord Feversham had the command of the royal forces, and Churchill was his major-general. The general-in-chief, however, kept so bad a look-out, that he was on the point of being surprised and cut to pieces by the rebel forces, who, on this occasion at least, were conducted with ability. The general and almost all his officers were in their beds, and sound asleep, when Monmouth, at the head of all his forces, silently debouched out of his camp, and suddenly fell on the royal army. The rout would have been complete, and probably James II. dethroned, had not Churchill, whose vigilant eye nothing escaped, observed the movement, and hastily collected a handful of men with whom he made so vigorous a resistance as gave time for the remainder of the army to form, and repel this well conceived enterprise.

Churchill's mind was too sagacious, and his knowledge of the feelings of the nation too extensive, not to be aware of the perilous nature of the course upon which James had adventured, in endeavouring to bring about, if not the absolute re-establishment of the Catholic religion, at least such a quasi establishment of it as the people deemed, and probably with reason, was, with so aspiring a body of ecclesiastics, in effect the same thing. When he saw the headstrong monarch break through all bounds, and openly trample on the liberties while he shocked the religious feelings, of his people, he wrote to him to point out, in firm but respectful terms, the danger of his conduct. He declared to Lord Galway, when James's innovations began, that if he persisted in his design of overturning the constitution and religion of his country, he would leave his service. So far his conduct was perfectly unexceptionable. Our first duty is to our country, our second only to our benefactor. If they are brought into collision, as they often are during the melancholy vicissitudes of a civil war, an honourable man, whatever it may cost him, has but one part to take.

He must not abandon his public duty for his private feelings, but he must never betray official duty. If Churchill, perceiving the frantic course of his master, had withdrawn from his service, and then either taken no part in the revolution which followed, or even appeared in arms against him, the most scrupulous moralist could have discovered nothing reprehensible in his conduct. History has in every age applauded the virtue, while it has commiserated the anguish, of the elder Brutus, who sacrificed his sons to the perhaps too rigorous laws of his country.

But Churchill did not do this, and thence has arisen an ineffaceable blot on his memory. He did not relinquish the service of the infatuated monarch; he retained his office and commands; but he employed the influence and authority thence derived, to ruin his benefactor. So far were the representations of Churchill from having inspired any doubts of his fidelity, that James, when the Prince of Orange landed, confided to him the command of a corps of five thousand men, destined to oppose his progress. At the very time that he accepted that command, he had, if we may believe his panegyrist Ledyard, signed a letter, along with several other peers, addressed to the Prince of Orange, inviting him to come over, and had actually concluded with Major-General Kirk, who commanded at Axminster, a convention, for the seizure of the king and giving him up to his hostile son-in-law. James was secretly warned that Churchill was about to betray him, but he refused to believe it of one from whom he had hitherto experienced such devotion, and was only awakened from his dream of security by learning that his favourite had gone over with the five thousand men whom he commanded to the Prince of Orange. Not content with this, it was Churchill's influence, joined to that of his wife, which is said to have induced James's own daughter, the Princess Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, to detach themselves from the cause of the falling monarch; and drew from that unhappy sovereign the mournful exclamation, "My God! my very children have forsaken me." In what does this conduct differ from that of Labedoyere, who, at the head of the garrison of Grenoble, deserted to Napoleon when sent out to oppose him?—or Lavalette who employed his influence, as postmaster under Louis XVIII., to forward the Imperial conspiracy?—or Marshal Ney, who, after promising at the court of the Tuileries to bring the ex-emperor back in an iron cage, no sooner reached the royal camp at Melun than he issued a proclamation calling on the troops to desert the Bourbons, and mount the tricolor cockade? Nay, is not Churchill's conduct, in a moral point of view, worse than that of Ney; for the latter abandoned the trust reposed in him by a new master, forced upon an unwilling nation, to rejoin his old benefactor and companion in arms; but the former abandoned the trust reposed in him by his old master and benefactor, to range himself under the banner of a competitor for the throne, to whom he was bound neither by duty nor obligation. And yet such is often the inequality of crimes and punishments in this world, that Churchill was raised to the pinnacle of greatness by the very conduct which consigned Ney, with justice, so far as his conduct is concerned, to an ignominious death.

"Treason ne'er prospers; for when it does,

None dare call it treason."

History forgets its first and noblest duty when it fails, by its distribution of praise and blame, to counterbalance so far as its verdict can, this inequality, which, for inscrutable but doubtless wise purposes, Providence has permitted in this transient scene. Charity forbids us to scrutinize such conduct too severely. It is the deplorable effect of a successful revolution, even when commenced for the most necessary purposes, to obliterate the ideas of man on right and wrong, and leave no other test in the general case for public conduct but success. It is its first effect to place them in such trying circumstances that none but the most confirmed and resolute virtue can pass unscathed through the ordeal. He knew the human heart well, who commanded us in our daily prayers to supplicate not to be led into temptation, even before asking for deliverance from evil. Let no man be sure, however much, on a calm survey, he may condemn the conduct of Marlborough and Ney, that in similar circumstances he would not have done the same.

The magnitude of the service rendered by Churchill to the Prince of Orange, immediately appeared in the commands conferred upon him. Hardly was he settled at William's headquarters when he was dispatched to London to assume the command of the Horse Guards; and, while there, he signed, on the 20th December 1688, the famous Act of Association in favour of the Prince of Orange. Shortly after, he was named lieutenant-general of the armies of William, and immediately made a new organization of the troops, under officers whom he could trust, which proved of the utmost service to William on the unstable throne on which he was soon after seated. He was present at most of the long and momentous debates which took place in the House of Peers on the question on whom the crown should be conferred, and at first is said to have inclined to a regency; but with a commendable delicacy he absented himself on the night of the decisive vote on the vacancy of the throne. He

voted, however, on the 6th of February for the resolution which settled the crown on William and Mary; and he assisted at their coronation, under the title of Earl of Marlborough, to which he had shortly before been elevated by William. England having, on the accession of the new monarch, joined the continental league against France, Marlborough received the command of the British auxiliary force in the Netherlands, and by his courage and ability contributed in a remarkable manner to the victory of Walcourt. In 1690 he received orders to return from Flanders in order to assume a command in Ireland, then agitated by a general insurrection in favour of James; but, actuated by some remnant of attachment to his old benefactor, he eluded on various pretences complying with the order, till the battle of the Boyne had extinguished the hopes of the dethroned monarch, when he came over and made himself master of Cork and Kinsale. In 1691 he was sent again into Flanders, in order to act under the immediate orders of William, who was then, with heroic constancy, contending with the still superior forces of France; but hardly had he landed there when he was arrested, deprived of all his commands, and sent to the Tower of London, along with several of the noblemen of distinction in the British senate.

Upon this part of the history of Marlborough there hangs a veil of mystery, which all the papers brought to light in more recent times have not entirely removed. At the time, his disgrace was by many attributed to some cutting sarcasms in which he had indulged on the predilection of William for the continental troops, and especially the Dutch; by others, to intrigues conducted by Lady Marlborough and him, to obtain for the Princess Anne a larger pension than the king was disposed to allow her. But neither of these causes are sufficient to explain the fall and arrest of so eminent a man as Marlborough, and who had rendered such important services to the newly established monarch. It would appear from what has transpired in latter times that a much more serious cause had produced the rupture between him and William. The charge brought against him at the time, but which was not prosecuted, as it was found to rest on false or insufficient evidence, was that of having, along with Lords Salisbury, Cornbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Basil Ferebrace, signed the scheme of an association for the restoration of James. Sir John Fenwick, who was executed for a treasonable correspondence with James II. shortly after Marlborough's arrest, declared in the course of his trial that he was privy to the design, had received the pardon of the exiled monarch, and had engaged to procure for him the adhesion of the army. The Papers, published in Coxe, rather corroborate the view that he was privy to it; and it is supported by those found at Rome in the possession of Cardinal York. That Marlborough, disgusted with the partiality of William for his Dutch troops, and irritated at the open severity of his Government, should have repented of his abandonment of his former sovereign and benefactor, is highly probable. But it can scarcely be taken as an apology for one act of treason, that he meditated the commission of another. It only shows how perilous, in public as in private life, is any deviation from the path of integrity, that it impelled such a man into so tortuous and disreputable a path.

Marlborough, however, was a man whose services were too valuable to the newly established dynasty, for him to be permitted to remain long in disgrace. He was soon liberated, indeed, from the Tower, as no sufficient evidence of his alleged accession to the conspiracy had been obtained. Several years elapsed however, before he emerged from the privacy into which he prudently retired on his liberation from confinement. Queen Mary having been carried off by the small-pox on the 17th of January 1696, Marlborough wisely abstained from even taking part in the debates which followed in Parliament, during which some of the malcontents dropped hints as to the propriety of conferring the crown on his immediate patroness the Princess Anne. This prudent reserve, together with the absence of any decided proofs at the time of Marlborough's correspondence with James, seems to have at length weakened William's resentment, and by degrees he was taken back into favour. The peace of Ryswick, signed on the 20th of September 1697, having consolidated the power of that monarch, Marlborough was, on the 19th of June 1698, made preceptor of the young Duke of Gloucester, his nephew, son of the Princess Anne, and heir presumptive to the throne; and this appointment, which at once restored his credit at court, was accompanied by the gracious expression—"My lord, make my nephew to resemble yourself, and he will be every thing which I can desire." On the same day he was re-appointed to his rank as a privy councillor, and took the oaths and his seat accordingly. So fully had he now regained the confidence of William, that he was three times named one of the nine lords justiciars to whom the administration of affairs in Great Britain was subsequently entrusted, during the temporary absence of William in Holland; and the War of the Succession having become certain in the year 1700, that monarch, who was preparing to take an active part in it, appointed Marlborough, on 1st June 1701, his ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, and commander in chief of the Allied forces in Flanders. This double appointment in effect invested Marlborough with the entire direction of affairs civil and military, so far as England was concerned, on the Continent. William, who was highly indignant at the recognition of the Chevalier St. George as King of England, on the death of his father James II., in September 1701, was preparing to prosecute the war with the vigour and perseverance which so eminently distinguished his character, when he was carried off by the effects of a fall from his horse, on the 19th March 1702. But that event made no alteration in the part which England took in the war which was commencing and it augmented rather than diminished the influence which Marlborough had in its direction. The Princess Anne, with whom, both individually and through Lady Marlborough, he was so intimately connected, mounted the throne without opposition; and one of her first acts was to bestow on Marlborough the order of the Garter, confirm him in his former offices, and appoint him, in addition, her plenipotentiary at the Hague. War was declared on the 15th May 1702, and Marlborough immediately went over to the Netherlands to take the command of the Allied army, sixty thousand strong, then lying before Nimeguen, which was threatened by a superior force on the part of the French.

It is at this period—time 1702—that the great and memorable, and without blameless period of Marlborough's life commenced; the next ten years were one unbroken series of efforts, victories, and glory. He arrived in the camp at Nimeguen on the evening of the 2d July, having been a few weeks before at the Hague; and immediately assumed the command. Lord Athlone, who had previously enjoyed that situation, at first laid claim to an equal authority with him; but this ruinous division, which never is safe, save with men so great as he and Eugene, and would unquestionably have proved ruinous to the common cause if shared with Athlone, was prevented by the States-General, who insisted upon the undivided direction being conferred on Marlborough. Most fortunately it is precisely at this period that the correspondence now published commences, which, in the three volumes already published, presents an unbroken series of his letters to persons of every description down to May, 1708.

They thus embrace the early successes in Flanders, the cross march into Bavaria and battle of Blenheim, the expulsion of the French from Germany, the battle of Ramillies, and taking of Brussels and Antwerp, the mission to the King of Sweden at Dresden, the battle of Almanza, in Spain, and all the important events of the first six years of the war. More weighty and momentous materials for history never were presented to the public; and their importance will not be properly appreciated, if the previous condition of Europe, and imminent hazard to the independence of all the adjoining states, from the unmeasured ambition, and vast power of Louis XIV., is not taken into consideration.

Accustomed as we are to regard the Bourbons as a fallen and unfortunate race, the objects rather of commiseration than apprehension, and Napoleon as the only sovereign who has really threatened our independence, and all but effected the subjugation of the Continent, we can scarcely conceive the terror with which a century and a half ago they, with reason, inspired all Europe, or the narrow escape which the continental states, at least, then made from being all reduced to the condition of provinces of France. The forces of that monarchy, at all times formidable to its neighbours, from the warlike spirit of its inhabitants, and their rapacious disposition, conspicuous alike in the earliest and the latest times; its central situation, forming, as it were, the salient angle of a bastion projecting into the centre of Germany; and its numerous population—were then, in a peculiar manner, to be dreaded, from their concentration in the hands of an able and ambitious monarch, who had succeeded for the first time, for two hundred years, in healing the divisions and stilling the feuds of its nobles, and turned their buoyant energy into the channel of foreign conquest. Immense was the force which, by this able policy, was found to exist in France, and terrible the danger which it at once brought upon the neighbouring states. It was rendered the more formidable in the time of Louis XIV., from the extraordinary concentration of talent which his discernment of good fortune had collected around his throne, and the consummate talent, civil and military, with which affairs were directed. Turenne, Boufflers, and Condé, were his generals; Vauban was his engineer, Louvois and Torcy were his statesmen. The lustre of the exploits of these illustrious men, in itself great was much enhanced by the still greater blaze of fame which encircled his throne, from the genius of the literary men who have given such immortal celebrity to his reign. Corneille and Racine were his tragedians; Molière wrote his comedies; Bossuet Fénelon, and Bourdaloue were his theologians; Massillon his preacher, Boileau his critic; Le Brun painted his halls. Greatness had come upon France, as, in truth, it does to most other states, in all departments at the same time; and the adjoining nations, alike intimidated by a power which they could not resist, and dazzled by a glory which they could not emulate, had come almost to despair of maintaining their independence; and were sinking into that state of apathy, which is at once the consequence and the cause of extraordinary reverses.—[To be Continued.]

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING-DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little I say, did I think this. I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? You never talked such nonsense! Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!"

"Yes, I will talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? You couldn't sit beside me to-day? That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! How have you used me? Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question! It's well for you I can't see you blush. How have you used me?"

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! How did you talk? Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing: just as if she was a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? And bad's the best? If you say that again, Caudle I'll rise from my bed. You didn't say it? What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here: that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? I made you invite 'em? Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!"

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman! Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What! Didn't I hear him say so? Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool! Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her. What do I mean? Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so!—how she should like my dear children."

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself! Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there! No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—what do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog! Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you



don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? Only twice! Oh, you were so lost—fascinated. Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in."

"I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her miming with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? *She praised my plum pudding?* Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!"

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle. I shall not trouble you half that time—if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures!—what have they done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so."

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and that Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? *How was it managed?* Why plain enough. Of course, you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that, between you. Yes; and when she played a trick, instead of leading off a trump—she play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—it was impossible that her heart should mistake! And this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!"

"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I will talk of Miss Prettyman: who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings! What do you say? *She sings like a mermaid!* Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings, she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. '*I love somebody*,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that '*somebody*'; and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else."

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

CAUDLE COMES HOME IN THE EVENING, AS MRS. CAUDLE HAS 'JUST STEPPED OUT, SHOPPING'—ON HER RETURN, AT TEN, CAUDLE REMONSTRATES.

Mr. Caudle, you ought to have had a slave—yes, a black slave, and not a wife. I'm sure I'd better been born a negro at once—much better. *What's the matter now?* Well, I like that. Upon my life, Mr. Caudle, that's very cool. I can't leave the house just to buy a yard of riband, but you storm enough to carry the roof off. *You didn't storm?*—you only spoke! Sooke, indeed! No, sir: I've not such superfluous feelings; and I don't cry out before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for nobody: that is, for nobody in your own house. I only wish you'd show some of your humanity at home, if ever so little—that's all."

"What do you say? *Where's my feelings, to go shopping at night?* When would you have me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gipsy's? I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; but you think of anybody's face before your wife's. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it. I dare say, now, if it was Miss Prettyman's face—now, now, Mr. Caudle! What are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose Miss Prettyman isn't so wonderful a person that she isn't to be named? I suppose she's flesh and blood. What? *You don't know?* Ha! I dare say."

"What, Mr. Caudle? *You'll have a separate room?* you'll not be tormented in this manner? No, you won't, sir—not while I'm alive. A separate room! And you call yourself a religious man, Mr. Caudle! I'd advise you to take down the Prayer Book, and read over the Marriage Service. A separate room, indeed! Caudle, you're getting quite a heathen. A separate room! Well, the servants would talk then! But no: no man—not the best that ever trod, Caudle—should ever make me look so contemptible."

"I shan't go to sleep! and you ought to know me better than to ask me to hold my tongue. Because you come home when I've just stepped out to do a little shopping, you're worse than a fury. I should like to know how many hours I sit up for you? What do you say? *Nobody wants me to sit up?* Ha! that's like the gratitude of men—just like 'em! But a poor woman can't leave the house, that—what? *Why can't I go at reasonable hours?* Reasonable! What do you call eight o'clock? If I went out at eleven and twelve, as you come home, then you might talk; but seven or eight o'clock—why it's the cool of the evening; the nicest time to enjoy a walk; and, as I say, do a little bit of shopping. Oh yes, Mr. Caudle; I do think of the people that are kept in the shops just as much as you; but that's nothing at all to do with it. I know what you'd have. You'd have all those young men let away early from the counter to improve what you please to call their minds. Pretty notions you pick up among a set of free thinkers and I don't know what! When I was a girl, people never talked of minds—intellect, I believe you call it. Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up; and the sooner it goes out, the better."

"Don't tell me! What are shops for, if they're not to be open late and early too? And what are shopmen, if they're not always to attend upon their customers? People pay for what they have, I suppose; and aren't to be told when they shall come and lay their money out, and when they shan't! Thank goodness! if one shop shuts, another keeps open; and I always think it a duty I owe to myself to go to the shop that's open last: it's the only way to punish the shopkeepers that are idle, and give themselves airs about early hours."

"Besides, there's some things I like to buy best at candle-light. Oh, don't talk to me about humanity! Humanity, indeed, for a pack of tall, strapping young fellows—some of 'em big enough to be shown for giants! And what have they to do? Why nothing, but to stand behind a counter, and talk civil-

ty. Yes, I know your notions; you say that everybody works too much: I know that. You'd have all the world do nothing half its time but twiddle its thumbs, or walk in the parks, or go to picture galleries, and museums, and such nonsense. Very fine, indeed; but, thank goodness! the world isn't come to that pass yet."

"What do you say I am, Mr. Caudle? *A foolish woman, that can't look beyond my own friends?* O yes, I can; quite as far as you, and a great deal farther. But I can't go out shopping a little with my dear friend Mrs. Wiggins—what do you laugh at? Oh, don't they? Don't women know what friendship is? Upon my life you've a nice opinion of us! Oh, yes, we can—we can look outside of our own fenders, Mr. Caudle. And if we can't, it's all the better for our families. A blessed thing it would be for their wives and children if men couldn't either. You wouldn't have lent that five pounds—and I daresay a good many other five pounds that I know nothing of—if you—a lord of the creation!—had half the sense women have. You seldom catch us, I believe, lending five pounds. I should think not."

"No: we won't talk of it to-morrow morning. You're not going to wound my feelings when I come home, and think I'm to say nothing about it. You have called me an inhuman person; you have said I have no thought, no feeling for the health and comfort of my fellow-creatures; I don't know what you haven't called me; and only for buying a—but I shan't tell you what; no I won't satisfy you there—but you've abused me in this manner, and only for shopping up to ten o'clock. You've a great deal of fine compassion, you have! I'm sure the young man that served me could have knocked down an ox; yes, strong enough to lift a house: but you can pity him—oh yes, you can be all kindness for him, and for the world, as you call it. Oh, Caudle, what a hypocrite you are! I only wish the world knew how you treated your poor wife!"

"What do you say? *For the love of mercy let you sleep?* Mercy, indeed! I wish you could show a little of it to other people. O yes, I do know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I won't. No—you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it: but that's no reason women shouldn't shop just as late as they choose. It's all very fine, as I say, for you men to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket-handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to keep it. That is, I do. You'll never catch me shopping until the very last thing; and—as a matter of principle—I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest. It does the young men good to keep 'em close to business. Improve their minds, indeed! Let 'em out at seven, and they'd improve nothing but their billiards. Besides, if they want to improve themselves, can't they get up, this fine weather, at three? Where there's a will, there's a way, Mr. Caudle!"

"I thought," writes Caudle, "that she had gone to sleep. In this hope, I was dozing off, when she nudged me, and thus declared herself:—"Caudle, you want nightcaps; but see if I budge to buy 'em till nine at night!"

## THE CHEST OF CIGARS.

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

"Not smoke!" said the gentleman near me.

We had the honour of dining at my Lord Hobanob's, who "smokes" after dinner, as all the world knows. The person who spoke was called the general by the company assembled.

"Not smoke?" says he.

"Why—I—that is—what would Mrs. Caudle say?" replied I, with a faint effort to be pleasant; "for the fact is, though my wife doesn't like cigars, I was once very fond of them."

"Is your lady a sentimental woman?" said the general.

"Extremely sentimental."

"Of a delicate turn?"

"Very much so; this is the first time I have been permitted—I mean that I have had any wish to dine out since my marriage," said the reader's humble servant.

"If I can prove to her that the happiness of a virtuous family was secured by cigars; that an admirable man was saved from ruin by smoking; that a worthy man might have been driven to suicide but for Havannahs; do you think, sir, that *then*, the respected lady who owns you, would alter her opinion regarding the immorality of smoking?"

And so saying, the general handed me his box, and sent a puff so fragrant into my face, that I must own I took a cigar as he commenced his romantic tale in the following words:—

"When our army was in Holland, in the time of the lamented Duke of York; the 56th bussars (Queen Charlotte's Own Slashers, as we were called from our tremendous ferocity) were quartered in the romantic vicinity of Vatterzouchy. A more gallant regiment never fought, conquered, or ran away, and we did all in that campaign. A better fellow than our colonel never existed—a dearer friend than Frederick Fantail, who was lieutenant in the troop I had the honour to command, mortal never had."

Here my informant, the general's fine eye (for he had but one remaining) filled with tears, and he gave a deep sigh through the lung which had not been perforated at the battle of Salamanca.

"Fantail had one consuming passion besides military glory—this was smoking. His pipe was never out of his lips from morning to night. What did I say? He never went to bed without this horrible companion, and I have seen this misguided young man, seated on a barrel of gunpowder in the batteries, smoking as calmly as if death were not close under his coat-tails."

"To these two passions my friend speedily added another; a love for the charming daughter of Burgomaster van Slappenbroch, whom he met one day in his rambles."

"I should never probably have remarked her, Goliath," he would say to me, "but for the circumstance that her father smoked a peculiar fine canaster. I longed to know him from that circumstance, and as he always moved about with his pipe and his daughter, from getting to admire one I began to appreciate the other, and soon Amelia occupied my whole soul. My figure and personal beauty soon attracted her attention;

In fact,  
She saw and loved me, who could resist  
Frederic Fantail!"

"Amelia, sir, soon became Mrs. Fantail, but I shall spare you the details of the courtship at which I was not present; for having at the battle of Squelther-slays (so creditable to our arms) had the good fortune to run through a French field-marshal, and to receive a wound in the knee pan; I was ordered home with the account of the victory, to lay the baton I had taken at the feet of my

sovereign, and to have my left leg amputated by the late eminent Sir Everard Home. 'Twas whilst recovering from this little accident, that my friend, Fred Fantail wooed and won his Amelia.

"Of course he described her in his letters as every thing a heart could wish; but I found on visiting his relations in Baker street, that she was by no means what they could wish. When I mentioned the name of his son, the brow of Sir Augustus Fantail grew black as thunder. Her ladyship looked sad and faint; Anna Maria turned her lovely, imploring eyes upon me beseeching me to silence, and I saw a gleam of fiendish satisfaction twinkling in the mean green squinters of Simon Fantail. Fred's younger brother, which plainly seemed to say, 'Fred is disinherited, I shall come in for the 300,000*l.* now.' Sir Augustus had that sum in the family, and was, as you all know, an eminent city man.

"I learned from the lovely Anna Maria (in the embrasure of the drawing-room window, whither *somehow* we retired for a little conversation which does not concern you,) I learned that Sir Augustus' chief rage against Fred arose from his having married the daughter of a Dutch *sugar baker*. As the knight had been a dry-salter himself, he would not overlook this insult to his family, and vowed he would cut off for ever the child who had so dishonoured him.

"Nor was this all.

"Oh, major," said Anna Maria to me, putting into my hands a little purse containing the amount of all her savings, 'give him—give him this. My poor Frederick wants money. He ran away with Amelia—how could they do such a naughty, naughty thing? He has left the army. Her father has discredited her; and I fear they are starving.'

"Here the dear child's beautiful hyacinthine eyes filled with tears, she held out her little hand with the little purse. I took one—both—I covered the one with kisses, and putting the other into my bosom, I promised to deliver it to the person for whom its affectionate owner intended it.

"Did I do so? No! I kept that precious relic with thirteen little golden guineas twinkling in its meshes; I wore it long, long, in my heart of hearts under my waistcoat of waistcoats; and as for Fred, I sent him an order on Cox and Greenwood's for five hundred pounds, as the books of that house will show.

"I did more than this; knowing his partiality for cigars, I bought two thousand of the best from Davis in the Quadrant, and despatched them to my poor friend.

"A wife," said I, 'is a good companion, no doubt; but why should he not, I added sportively, have *Dos Amigos* too in his troubles?'

"Davis did not laugh at this joke, not understanding Spanish; but you my dear friend, I have no doubt will at once perceive its admirable point.

"Thus it stood then. Amelia was disinherited for running away with Fred. Fred was discarded for running away with Amelia. They were penniless. What could my paltry thousand do for a fellow in the 56th hussars, where our yearly mess bill came to twelve hundred pounds, and our undress boots cost ninety three guineas a pair? You are incredulous? I have Hoby's bills, sir, and you can see them any day you call in Grosvenor square.

"To proceed. My imprudent friend was married; and was, as I suspect you are yourself, sir, hen-pecked. My present of cigars was flung aside as useless. I got letters from Fred saying that his Amelia was a mighty fine lady, that though she had been bred up in a tobacco warehouse all her life, she abominated cigars—in fine, that he had given up the practice altogether. My little loan of a couple of thousand served to keep them going for some time, and they dashed on as if there was no end to that small sum. *Ruin* ensued, sir, but I knew not of the misfortunes of my friend. I was abroad, sir, serving my sovereign in the West Indies, where I had the yellow fever seventeen times.

"Soldiers are bad correspondents, sir. I did not write to Fred Fantail on hear of him, except through a brother officer, Major de Boots, of ours, who joined us in the West Indies, and who told me the sad news. Fred had incurred debts of course—sold out—gone to pieces; 'And fanty my dithguth, my dear creature,' said De Boots (you don't know him? he lisps confoundedly, 'at finding Fred at Brighton giving lethoath in drawing, and hith wife, because she wath a Dutchwoman, teaching Fwench! The fellow wanted to bowow money of me'.

"And you gave him some I hope, De Boots?" said I.

"Not thickthpenth, by jingo," said the heartless hussar, whom I called out the next morning and shot for his want of feeling.

"I returned to England to recruit my strength, which had been somewhat exhausted by the repeated attacks of fever, and one day as I was taking a tumbler at the great punch room Cheltenham, imagine, sir, my astonishment when an enormously stout lady, with yellow hair, and a pea-green satin dress, came up to me, gazed hard for a moment, gave an hysterical juggle in her throat, and flung her arms round my neck! I have led ninety-eight forlorn hopes, sir, but I give you my honour I never was so flustered as by this tremendous phenomenon.

"For Heaven's sake, madam," said I, 'calm yourself. Don't scream,—let me go. Who are you?'

"O my *brasserfer*!" said the lady, still screeching, and in a foreign accent.

"Don't you know me? I am Amelia Vandail."

"Amelia Vandale?" says I, more perplexed than ever.

"Amelia van Slappenbroch dat vas. Your friend Vrederic's wife. I am stouter now dan I vas when I knew you in Holland."

"Stouter indeed! I believe she *was* stouter! She was sixteen stone, or sixteen ten, if she weighed a pound: I got her off my shoulders and led her to a chair. Presently her husband joined us, and I need not tell you the warmth of my meeting with my old friend.

"But what," said I to Fantail, 'procured me such a warm greeting from your lovely lady?'

"Don't you know that you are our benefactor—our blessing—the cause of our prosperity?'

"O! the five thousand pounds!" said I, 'a mere bagatelle.'

"No, my dearest friend, it was not your money but your cigars saved us. You know what a fine lady my wife was when we were first married? and to what straits our mutual imprudence soon drove us. Who would have thought that the superb Mrs. Fantail, who was so fine that she would not allow her husband to smoke a cigar, should be brought so low as to be obliged to sing in the public streets for bread?—that the dashing Fred Fantail should be so debased by poverty as (here my friend's noble features assumed an expression of horrible agony) *as to turn a mangle, sir*.

"But away with these withering recollections," continued Fred. 'We were so poor, so wretched that we resolved on *suicide*. My wife and I determined to fling ourselves off Waterloo Bridge, and ki-sing our nine innocent babes as they slumbered, hastened wildly thither from the New Cut, Lambeth,

where we were residing; but we forgot, *we had no money to pay the toll*—we were forced to come back, to pass our door again: and we determined to see the dear ones once more and *then*—away to Westminster!

"There was a smell—a smell of tobacco issuing from the door of our humble hut as we came up. 'Good Heavens! Mealy,' said I to my beloved one, as we arrived at the door, and the thought flashed across me—'there is still hope—still something left—the cigars I received as a gift on my marriage. I had forgotten them—they are admirable!—they will sell for gold!' And I nudged the innocent partner of my sufferings to my bosom. 'Thou wert thinner then, dearest, than thou art now,' said Fantail with a glance of ineffable affection towards his lady.

"Well, sir, what do you think those cigars were worth to me?" continued he.

"I gave forty pounds for them: say you sold them for twenty."

"Twenty! my dear fellow—no! Those cigars were worth six hundred thousand pounds to me! as you shall hear. I said there was a smell of cigar smoke issuing from our humble cot—and why? because somebody was smoking cigars. And who was that somebody? Amelia's father, the burgomaster, Van Slappenbroch. His heart had partially relented towards his only child. He determined to see her. He found out our wretched abode in our absence—saw our unconscious infants sleeping there, buddled on the straw in the desolate chamber. The only article of furniture left *was your chest of cigars*. Van Slappenbroch opened it—tried one—'twas excellent; a second—delicious! a third!—his daughter entered—the father and the tobaccoist melted at once, and as she fainted in his arms he was reconciled to us for ever!"

"The rest of Fantail's story, my dear sir, you may easily imagine. Directly, they heard in Baker street that the Dutchman had pardoned his daughter, and given her his fortune, of course old Fantail came down with his, and disinherited that squinting traitor, Simon. 'And my dear fellow,' said Fred, 'if you will drive down with me to Fantail Castle, I will pay you the ten thousand pounds you lent me, and introduce you to a lady—my sister Anna Maria, who is very, very anxious to renew her acquaintance with you.'

"That lady is now my wife, sir," the general said, getting up to go away—'and she never objects to smoking!'

"Who is the general?" said I to our host, when the teller of the above singular story had left the room.

"Don't you know him?" replied my Lord Hobanob, with a smile; "you may believe every word he says. That is General Sir Goliath Gabagan."

#### MACDONALD'S CHARGE AT WAGRAM.

But it is at Wagram that we are to look for Macdonald's greatest deed. We never think of that terrific battle without feelings of the profoundest wonder at his desperate charge, that then and there saved Napoleon and the empire. The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even he fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column, and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau.

Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. No where does his exhaustless genius show itself, as in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers by presents from his own hands,—he visited in person the sick in the hospitals, while the most gigantic plans at the same time, strung his vast energies to their utmost tension. From the latter part of May to the first of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done every thing that could be done on the spot, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of July, the reinforcements began to pour in, and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces on the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shone on Macdonald's victorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arranged in their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glistening bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent columns kept pouring into that little isle, while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length. Congratulations were exchanged by soldiers who last saw each other on some glorious battle field, and universal joy and hope spread through the dense columns that almost touched each other.

Bridges had been constructed to fling across the channel, and during the evening of the fifth, were brought out from their places of concealment, and dragged to the bank. In ten minutes one was across and fastened at both ends. In a little longer time two others were thrown over, and made firm on the opposite shore. Bonaparte was there, walking backwards and forwards in the mud, cheering on the men, and accelerating the work which was driven with such wonderful rapidity, that by three o'clock in the morning, six bridges were finished and filled with the marching columns. Bonaparte had constructed two bridges lower down the river, as if he intended to cross there in order to distract the enemy from the *real* point of danger. On these the Austrians kept up an incessant fire of artillery, which was answered by the French from the island with a hundred cannon, lighting up the darkness of the night with their incessant blaze. The village of Enzerdorf was set on fire, and burned with terrific fierceness, for a tempest arose as if in harmony with the scene, and blew the flames into tenfold fury. Dark clouds swept the midnight heavens, as if gathering for a contest among themselves—the artillery of heaven was heard above the



roar of cannon, and the bright lightning that ever and anon rent the gloom blent in with the incessant flashes below, while blazing bombs traversing the sky in every direction, wove their fiery net work over the heavens, making the night wild and awful as the last day of time. In the midst of this scene of terror, Napoleon remained unmoved, heedless alike of the storm of the elements and the storm of the artillery; and though the wind shrieked around him, and the dark Danube rolled its turbulent flood at his feet, his eye watched only the movements of his rapid columns over the bridges, while his sharp quick voice gave redoubled energy to every effort.

The time—the scene—the mighty result at stake—all harmonized with his stern and tempestuous nature. His perceptions became quicker—his will firmer, and his confidence of success stronger. By six o'clock in the morning, a hundred and fifty thousand infantry and thirty thousand cavalry stood in battle array on the shores of the Danube, from whence a month before the Austrians had driven the army in affright. The clouds had vanished with the night, and when the glorious sun arose over the hill tops, his beams glanced over a countless array of helmets, and nearly three hundred thousand bayonets glittered in his light. It was a glorious spectacle; those two mighty armies standing in the early sunlight amid the green fields while the air fairly sparkled with the flashing steel that rose like a forest over their heads. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the Austrians, when they saw the French legions across the river, and ready for battle. That bright scene was to see the fate of Europe settled for the next four years, and that glorious summer's sun, as it rolled over the heavens, was to look down on one of the most terrific battles the world ever saw.

We do not design to describe the movements of the two armies, nor the varied success during the day. Bonaparte at the outset had his columns—converged to a point—resting at one end on the Danube, and radiating off into the field, like the spokes of a wheel. The Austrians, on the contrary, stood in a vast semi-circle, as if about to enclose and swallow up their enemy. Macdonald's division was amongst the first brought into the engagement, and bravely held its ground during the day. When night closed the scene of strife, the Austrians had gained on the French. They nevertheless sounded a retreat, while the exhausted army of Napoleon lay down on the field of blood, to sleep. Early in the morning, the Austrians taking advantage of their success the day before, commenced the attack, and the thunder of their guns at daylight brought Napoleon into his saddle. The field was again alive with charging squadrons, and covered with the smoke of battle. From daylight till nearly noon had the conflict raged without a moment's cessation. Every where except against the Austrians' left the French were defeated. From the steeples of Vienna, the multitude gazed on the progress of the doubtful fight, till they heard the cheers of their countrymen above the roar of battle driving the flying enemy before them, when they shouted in joy, and believed the victory gained. But Napoleon galloped up, and restoring order in the disordered lines, ordered Davoust to make a circuit, and ascending the plateau of Wagram, carry Neusiedel. While waiting the result of this movement, on the success of which depended all his future operations, the French lines under Napoleon's immediate charge were exposed to a most terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, which tore them into fragments. Unable to advance, and too distant to return the fire, they were compelled to stand as idle spectators and see the cannon shot plough through them. Whole battalions, driven frantic by this inaction in the midst of such a deadly fire, broke and fled. But every thing depended on the infantry holding firmly their position till the effect of Davoust's assault was seen. Yet nothing but Napoleon's heroic bravery kept them steady. Mounted on his milk-white charger, Euphrates, given him by the King of Persia, he slowly rode backward and forward before the lines, while the cannon balls whistled and rattled like hail-stones about him—casting ever and anon an anxious look towards the spot where Davoust was expected to appear with his fifty thousand brave followers. For a whole hour he thus rode in front of his men, and though they expected every moment to see him shattered by a cannon ball, he moved unscathed amid the storm. At length Davoust was seen charging like fire over the plateau of Wagram, and finally appear with his cannon on the farther side of Neusiedel. In a moment the plateau was covered with smoke as he opened his cannon on the exposed ranks of the enemy. A smile lighted up Napoleon's countenance, and the brow that had been knit like iron during the terrific strife of the two hours before, as word was constantly brought him of his successive losses, and the steady progress of the Austrians—cleared up, and he ordered Macdonald, with eight battalions, to march straight on the enemy's centre, and pierce it. This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the Archduke see the movement of this terrible column of eight battalions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny and his own army had come. He immediately doubled his lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the spot on which such destinies hung; and opened a terrific fire on the approaching column. Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrian batteries, that swept every inch of ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their horses, and starting on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon shot, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy's ranks. With this battery at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, the mighty column steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back, and closed in on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle, nothing could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the awful fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his cannon, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he began to advance. The destruction then became awful. At every discharge, the head of the column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks, on either side, melted away like snow wreaths on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused, and he had fully resolved to execute the awful task given him or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amid his falling guard, and with his eye fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, continued to

advance. At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back, like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled column must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press on.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die to his devoted followers. There is no excitement—no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when making one of his desperate charges of cavalry. No cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*," are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unalterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted hero at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path, and as far as the eye can reach, he sees the course of his column by the black swath of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen, and here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Bonaparte stops beating at the sight, and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his single brave heart—he is the Empire. Shall he turn at last, and sound the retreat? The Empire totters on the ensanguined field, for, like a speck in the distance, Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn at last?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself—"must my throne go down?" No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while he stands. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees a movement as if aid were at hand. "Onward," breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the Empire saved—and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat.

Such was the awful battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. We know of nothing equal to it except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal, because it failed.

On riding over the ensanguined field Bonaparte came where Macdonald stood amid his troops. As his eye fell on the calm and collected hero, he stopped, and holding out his hand said "Shake hands, Macdonald—no more hatred between us—we must henceforth be friends, and as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned. The frankness and kindness of Napoleon effected what all his neglect and coldness had failed to do—subdued him. Grasping his hand, and with a voice choked with emotion, which the wildest uproar of battle could never agitate, replied, "Ah! sire, with us it is henceforth for life and death." Noble man! kindness could overcome him in a moment. It is no wonder that Bonaparte felt at last that he had not known Macdonald's true worth.

N. Y. American Review for July.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### A DECIDED EPICURE.

What officer, on the Cork station, during the dynasty of the admirals, but remembers the Rev. Mr. Sandiford—"Bull Sandiford," he was called, in contradistinction to his brother Lamb. Even now, his eyes convey a tender "côte" to the receding forms of the turbot boats, and a benediction hovers on his lips. Bull's daily practice was to visit the market, if possible, before breakfast, but at all events, before his neighbors, in order to select the prime joints, forestall the best f. h. and make first choice of poultry, fruit and vegetables. As, however, he made a point of being always present at the church services, not only on Sundays, but on all occasions of fasts and festivals, it would sometimes happen that before all his preparations for the day's cuisine could be completed, the church bell would commence ringing, and he would hurry there, with his capacious pockets filled with such portions of his gastronomical researches as his servant's basket could not contain. Asparagus in the early season has often been seen spouting from his side pocket, and it was not unusual for the prayer to send us the fruits of the earth, to be disturbed by the falling out of a fine peppin, or the rebound of a magnificent orange, from the same overflowing receptacle; but the circumstance that irretrievably diverted him of the sanctity that ordination is presumed to impart, was ridiculously enough occasioned by a crab. Fussing out of the market place one morning, just as the church bell was ringing, a monstrous fine crab caught his attention and, as the basket carried by the servant would not hold a minnow more, and the creature looked rather dull, nothing remained but to thrust it into his pocket, which he did, after taking the precaution to tie its claws, and then, looking exceedingly innocent of their edible enterprises, master and man walked into church; the latter as was his custom, leaving his basket in the vestry room.—Those who have attended Divine service in Ireland, will recollect that it is conducted strictly according to the formula of the book of common prayer—no compromising kneeling by sitting, as in this country—the whole ceremonies, from beginning to end, are observed. In this continued change of position, the crab got its claws loose, and roused by the unusual heat, naturally enough began to feel about, making in every direction piercing researches for a means of escape. In vain the poor gentleman writhed—the creature appeared to have divined his intentions, and to be bent on anticipating them; however, by holding the pocket at some distance from his person, the doctor effected a temporary release; but in doing this his tomato-like hand became an object of attraction, and for a while the spartan boy's sufferings were a f. c. to those he endured. Alas, Bull Sandiford was no Spartan, and though, at first, for the honor of his cloth, he cursed softly: human flesh could not endure such torture, and continue self-possessed. His countenance expressed a spasm, beads of agony started from his brow, and, finding that all his endeavors to free himself from the forceps of his testaceous tormentor only made it the more intensely close them, he absolutely roared with pain, all the while uttering anathemas of the most unchristian sound, and with a volubility that greatly sur-

prised the congregation. Fortunately, it was the morning service of a saint's day, when, except the singing boys, and half a dozen devout old ladies the audience was limited to the officiating minister, clerk, beadle, and himself; but amongst these his contortions and roaring produced an extraordinary sensation. The clergyman paused in the service, the devotees and officials rushed to the rector's pew, in which the venerable gentleman was performing more extraordinary evolutions than a turning dervish; nor could he be extricated from his painful station, till his man had absolutely dismembered the animal of its claw. It is but justice to say, that, for some weeks after this misadventure, Mr. Sandford had the "tooth-ache!" It probably cured him of carrying crabs in his pocket.

#### DEATH OF BURKE'S SON.

It appears that exactly when the fatal symptoms of his son's last illness disclosed themselves, Mr. Burke had relinquished to him his seat for Malton, and had even procured for him the appointment of secretary to Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Dazzled by the bright scenes which his hopes had conjured up, he could not see, what every one else perceived plainly enough, that the days of his son were numbered. Of this he was totally unconscious, and no one dared to tell him. Dr. Brocklesby, the physician of the family, declared from his long knowledge of the intensity of Burke's affection, that any such disclosure would probably be fatal, and brief, as was the term of the son's existence, would render that of the father still shorter. Young Burke was removed to Cromwell House, near Brompton, for the sake of the country air. The unhappy father, who still never thought of danger, selected for him this residence near town, that he might be ready to depart for Ireland at a moment's notice, as soon as his health permitted. Here, however, all the symptoms rapidly grew worse, and the physician, no longer able to disguise the truth, disclosed the horrors of the case just a week before its fatal termination. From this moment Burke abandoned himself to the desperation of sorrow; "his was a grief which could not be comforted." Young Burke passed the night before his dissolution in much pain and restlessness. Early in the morning he heard the voice of sorrow in the adjoining apartment, where his parents had spent a night of yet deeper wretchedness. Anxious to alleviate their affliction, he resolved, if possible, to delude them, by an affectionate deceit, into the belief that he was stronger than he really was. Rising with some difficulty, he requested to be supported to the door of the apartment in which his father and mother were sitting. There he dismissed his attendants, and making a last effort, walked twice or thrice across the room. But his parents were not to be deceived, and they looked on in silent agony. Finding his efforts to console them vain, "Speak to me my dear father," said he, "speak to me of religion, speak to me of morality, speak to me of indifferent matters, for I derive much satisfaction from all you say." Hearing the wind whistling through the trees, he was reminded of the words of Milton,—

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

These lines he repeated twice. He had just strength to say them the second time, when exhausted by the effort, he staggered across the room, and fell in a state of insensibility, into his father's arms. Shortly after which he expired. The event took place on the 2d of May, 1794. The grief of Burke was appalling. He would sit in that unnatural calmness of despair, more terrific than the most stormy display of passion; then bursting into a frenzy, he would rush into the chamber where his son lay, and throwing himself on the body, call in accents of fearful anguish, for "The hope of his age, the stay of his life, the only comfort of his declining and now joyless years." He was prevailed upon after the first day, though with some difficulty, to consent that he would see the corpse no more; a promise he kept. The mother was equally distracted. To Mr. Burke's frequent efforts to get her away from the room, her only reply was, "No, Edmund, while he remains there, I will remain." At length, however, her husband prevailed.—*Wisdom and genius of Edmund Burke*

THE LION, THE CORPORAL, AND THE RATION BOWL.—Do not imagine the following incident is an imaginative effort, it is quite true, as every one in Algeria knows:—A magnificent lion has for some time taken up his residence in the vicinity of Philipville. This royal son of Sahara evinces a truly social character, and appears to have little taste for solitude. Scarcely a day passes without his showing himself at the gates of the town, rambling about within a few paces of the inhabitants, his appearance giving umbrage to no one, for he has never been known to do harm. To be sure, a few sheep are missed from time to time in the neighbouring pens, but then what is that! The children of Philipville call him Voisin, and so little does he alarm them, that they throw stones at him, and then the docile animal disappears with his tail between his legs, like a good dog. A corporal of the garrison suddenly conceived an affection for the interesting brute, and he determined to become a second Androcles, and share his rations with Voisin. So, one morning, taking his bowl of soup and meat in his hand, he went forth into the country and placed it in a spot he knew the lion frequented. On the morrow, he returned and found the dish empty, its bottom bearing the impression of Voisin's tongue. The next day and the next he did the same, and each time found the repast devoured. At last the corporal determined upon becoming personally acquainted with Voisin; so after placing the bowl in its accustomed glade he hid himself in a bush, and waited the arrival of his majesty. At last he came, sniffed his dinner with evident satisfaction, and licked it up in a trice. Suddenly the corporal showed himself, and then, perhaps, regretting his boldness, tried to hide himself again, but the quick eye of Voisin detected the attempt, and regarding the young soldier with a look of affectionate ferocity, he advanced a pace or two, but the corporal, seized at last with a panic, scampered off. French paper.

The French papers state that, during her Majesty's contemplated visit to the continent, it is arranged that the King of Prussia will meet her at Cologne; and it is expected that both will be present at the inauguration of a monument to be erected at that city, in commemoration of Beethoven.

Sir R. Peel has made the gratifying announcement, that the subject of the erection of a new National Gallery more worthy of the arts in this country, is under the consideration of the government.

Two gentlemen have offered a premium of £1 000 for the best painting of the baptism of Christ in the river Jordan. The representation of the baptism is to be by immersion, and the figures are to be as large as life.

COLLARS.—UP OR DOWN!—Which side are we to take in the collar question—ups, or downs, or none at all! We confess ourselves to be practically in a dilemma; although, aesthetically speaking—and, indeed, from motives of comfort—we have no hesitation in saying, turn down your collars; they never were meant to be turned up. But it is now become so much of a French and English affair, that we shall be suspected of want of patriotism if we do not say,

keep up your collars, and uphold the national dignity! As for the no collar view of the subject, much may be said for and against it; it depends a good deal on your complexion, reader, and also on the colour of your cravat. If you have got on your cambric and your lace, you need no further contrast for your physiognomical tint; but if you are wearing a black kerchief, and you are of a bluish brown and yellow hue, pray let us see half an inch, at least, of white beneath the lower jawbone. This point of contrast is the real reason why the collar should, as a matter of taste, be allowed to lie down on the cravat. It produces greater effect—it looks clearer—it is certainly more comfortable. If the majority of free born Englishmen shall ever so far surmount their prejudices as to take a hint from France (for 'tis an invention of *la jeune France*.) we will walk over from our side of the house; and, in the face of the nation and our constituents, will join them.—*Blackwood's Aesthetics of Dress.*

PRECEDENT BLUESTOCKINGS.—Pedantry in man or woman we abominate, but it does not necessarily follow because a lady wears blue stockings that she must show them. One of the prettiest compliments we recollect, was that paid to Mrs. Somerville by Lord Jeffrey. "Her stockings," said the Jupiter Tonans of modern criticism, "are intensely blue, but she wears her petticoats sufficiently long to conceal them."—*Bombay Times.*

WAS THE DUKE EVER WOUNDED?—Until this occasion, I was under an impression that the Duke of Wellington never was wounded; but Sir George Walker said, that not long after the storming of Badajos, he was struck by a random musket-ball in the side, in an affair with the French on the borders of France. It was merely a slight wound, and dressed on the spot. The duke, on receiving it, exclaimed, "Hit at last!" and seemed much pleased.—*Rush's Court of London.*

### Imperial Parliament.

#### PRIVILEGE.

House of Commons, June 26.

Sir FREDERICK THESIGER, in pursuance of the recommendation reported by the Select Committee on Printed Papers, moved, "That a writ of error be brought on the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench pronounced in the case of *Howard versus Gossett*." He stated that the Committee were not unanimous in that recommendation; it had been opposed by Sir Thomas Wilde and Mr. Warburton, the supporters of the highest doctrines on the exercise of privilege, and by Sir Robert Inglis and Lord Mahon, supporters of the humblest submission to the Courts of Law. On the other hand, Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, who on various occasions had made so decided a stand for the privileges of the House, acquiesced in the substance of the report. Sir Frederick entered into an explanation of the proceedings; beginning with the action instituted by Stockdale against Hansard, and bringing it down to the present suit of Howard, Stockdale's attorney, against the Sergeant-at-Arms, for illegal arrest. In 1843, the House instructed the Sergeant-at-Arms to plead, expecting that the privilege of the House would satisfy the Court; but in that they were disappointed; and, after six months consideration, the Court decided against the validity of the plea—

He would not attempt individually to censure that judgment; but this he must say, that so very contradictory were the reasons given by the different Judges, that one could have been very successfully used as an argument against the other. One of the Judges had expressed himself in a tone and manner which, considering that he read a written judgment which had been six months in preparation, was scarcely to be excused.

Sir Frederick glanced at Mr. Hume's suggestion of forcible resistance—

The steps they had taken a few nights previous rendered it quite impossible then to follow the course recommended by the honourable Member for Montrose. It would be recollected, that the committee made a short report on the 24th May, recommending a writ of error, and that the authority of the House should be interposed to prevent the levy of the 200l. damages. It was then considered desirable that no discussion should take place until the Committee had given in a more lengthened report, stating the reasons for their opinions; and, in consequence, it was delayed until after the day when it was competent for the plaintiff to levy his damages. The time, therefore, for making a stand against the levy had been allowed to pass away.

For the motion, he pleaded a precedent in the case of *Burdett vs. Abbott*. He represented that it would be advisable to have the opinion of the other Judges to elucidate the case; and if the decision on the writ of error should be unfavourable, the House might then take ulterior steps to assert their privileges. It was absolutely necessary to do something; for three other actions were pending: in one the damages were laid at £100,000; and in the recent case, a jury had assessed the full damages claimed.

Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, "That it is inexpedient to trust the maintenance of the privileges of this House to any other authority than that of the House itself." This was at once negatived, by 78 to 46.

A long debate ensued on the main question. It was begun by Mr. Roebuck, who opposed the motion. He pointed out the difficulty in which the House would be placed if the writ of error were decided against them. He contended for the indefeasible privileges of the House, as necessary to maintain the liberties of the people, and uphold the constitution. Let every man know, that if the least motion were made in a court of law to question the privileges of the House of Commons, the man who made it, be he plaintiff, attorney, counsel, or any one else, would be laid by the heels and committed to prison. He was prepared to go that length; and if the House were not ready to go with him, they ought at once to give up their privileges.

Sir Robert Inglis agreed that there must soon be a final decision on the dispute: but he opposed the privileges claimed by the House, as dangerous to the liberties of the people; asked if it could be pretended that the House of Commons had the power of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act? and recommended, as the only means of escaping from the difficulty, the simple remedy of legislation. Sir Robert read a series of resolutions, setting forth his views; but the Speaker decided against them as an amendment, on a point of form.

Viscount Mahon spoke to a similar effect; contending that the Speaker's warrant was incomplete and informal, and therefore constituted as bad a ground for defence as if a man were to defend his title with a flaw in his deed. He quoted a passage from Mr. Macaulay's writings, stating that the privileges of the House of Commons, which in 1642 the people rose in arms to defend, had now [in 1829] "become nearly as odious as the worst rigors of martial law." The original motion was supported by Mr. Charles Wynn; who said that he had acquiesced most unwillingly in referring the matter to the Law Courts; but that now he thought they could not but let it be brought to a conclusion.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL also supported the motion. The law and custom of Parliament, he insisted, were as much the law of the land as the com-



mon law; the House was the judge, and the sole judge, of the law and that custom; and therefore he protested against the opinions of those who had the presumption to say that they were setting themselves up against the law, and were deciding cases according to their own arbitrary will and caprice. He showed that it was necessary for the purpose of public inquiry that the House should have the power of bringing whom they pleased before them; and main- tained that the province of the House transcends that of the Law Courts.— Lord Erskine said, erroneously, that the House could not impeach except where an indictment could lie; but how could questions such as those which regard- ed Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Somers and the balance of pow- er, or Warren Hastings and his administration in India have been made sub- jects of an indictment? An ultimate responsibility must rest somewhere: it evidently does not rest with the Judges, for they are removable on an address from Parliament to the Crown. That ultimate power, therefore, lies with Parliament; and the check upon it is the suffrages of the people, who elect the Commons, and can displace the Members at a general election. He repudi- ated the small and technical grounds on which the Judges disallowed the Spea- ker's warrant. He had no doubt that the House, in conjunction with the Ex- ecutive Government, had the power to make the Judges or any other body of men comply with their orders, even by means of a military force; but there would be great misapprehensions and excitement occasioned in the first instance by a mistaken notion that the House were attempting to override the courts of law. Therefore, he thought, the House ought to have time granted it in or- der to consider whether they would vindicate their privileges in the violent manner which had been proposed by Mr Home and Mr Roebuck; and ac- cordingly, he supported the moderate course recommended by the Committee.

Mr. FITZROY KELLY (who did not vote either way) devoted his speech to an energetic assertion of the right of the Law Courts to decide—not on the privilege of Parliament, for that did not come in question—but on the suffi- ciency of the warrant; and to a defence of himself for having taken a brief as counsel against the House of Commons. He reminded the House, that the questions of arrest and imprisonment arising out of its proceedings had often come before the Court of Queen's Bench; and he defied any one to prove that the Court had ever disallowed a privilege claimed by the House. He also re- minded the House, that its power only lasted during the session; that, in spite of any declaration of breach of privilege, the plaintiffs in the three other ac- tions would proceed behind the scenes, would not enter judgment till after the recess, and one might possibly recover the half of his 100,000*l.* by levying on the goods of the Speaker or his officers, in defiance of the House: what would be done then?

Sir THOMAS WILDE followed, with a powerful attack—on Mr Fitzroy Kelly, for taking a brief against the House; on the House, for its vacillation, and submitting its privilege to another tribunal; on the Judges, for their law—although they had taken six months to prepare their judgment, he said, any old woman in the parish could have pronounced the warrant sufficient in a single instant. He asked, what would be gained by having the decision of eight more Judges against them, or by submitting their privileges to the vindi- cation of the House of Lords? He made a new suggestion. They ought to say at once that they had done wrong in pleading to the action, and that that step had led to a decision of the Court of Law dangerous to their privileges; that they would proceed no further against Mr. Howard and his advisers, because it might be possible that he had proceeded with the action because they ap- peared and pleaded to it; they might then rescind the resolution of the House, ordering the Attorney General to appear and plead to the other actions, and might pass another, declaring that the further prosecution of those actions would be a breach of privilege, and would be signally punished as such.

Sir ROBERT PEEL contended for the inherent right of the House of Com- mons to determine their own privileges; but thought that the House ought not to proceed to extreme measures before they were sure of having the public mind on their side. Therefore he advised that the recommendation of the Committee should be fulfilled: and there were matters in the statements of the Judges, especially in those of Mr. Justice Wightman and Lord Denman, which led him to hope that their judgment was not without appeal. At all events, he would not proceed against subordinates. By now taking a prudent course, the necessity for the extreme measures might be averted—

"I am not saying that the time may not come when no other alternative may be left us but to put these means into practice. I think it would be better to do so than relinquish the privileges essential to the House of Commons.— But before you do so, you must have exhausted every other means, and have the country with you. Those other means are not yet exhausted. I think the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench is inconsistent with reason and for- mer decisions. In case the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench is affirmed there remains a last and extreme measure: but before I appeal to that, I would exhaust every other, the adoption of which would not compromise the author- ity of this House."

On a division, Sir Frederick Thesiger's motion was affirmed, by 82 to 48; majority, 34.

#### SLAVE-TRADE.

*House of Commons, June 24.*

MR. HUTT moved—"That the course pursued by Great Britain since 1814 for the suppression of the slave-trade has been attended by large expen- diture of the public money and by serious loss of life to the naval forces of the country; and that it has not mitigated the horrors of the middle passage, nor diminished the extent of the traffic in slaves."

This proposition he developed in a speech of some length, full of argu- ment and evidence. For thirty years the country has busied itself with nothing as much as with the abolition of the slave-trade: we are constantly compromi- sing the British Crown by inducing other countries to enter into treaties which they utterly disregard: we have established Commission Courts to adjudicate on questions of slave-trading over half the Tropical globe; but have we abol- ished the slave-trade? Sir Fowell Buxton, Mr. Clarkson, Lord John Russell all say that it has increased; and its present extent is shown in a variety of official papers, from which Mr. Hutt read extracts. At the commencement of the present century, about 100,000 Negroes were exported from Africa: the number is now not less than 200,000 annually; while there is no account of great numbers, who are massacred in the slave hunts, who perish at sea, of disease, in storms, or thrown overboard. While the traffic was not prohibited they were none of those additional horrors. Mr. Hutt described slave ships which he had seen, with the space of twenty-two inches between the decks, glanced at the consequent sufferings of the miserable wretches confined there in a Tropical voyage; touched upon the expense—calculated by Sir Fowell Buxton at 15,000,000*l.* from 1814 to 1839, with 1,300,000*l.* given as a bribe to Spain and Portugal to suppress the traffic; and the annual expense is 500,000*l.* or more. The non-completion of returns prevented his showing the loss

of life sustained by British Cruisers. He scarcely felt bound to propose any substitute for the present system; thinking his part performed in proving that it cannot be carried on with honour or humanity—

But he would say at once, withdraw your cruisers, which had been produc- tive of nothing but mischief; let them promote a much more extensive com- mercial intercourse with the coast of Africa. He did not mean that they should undertake another Niger expedition. That expedition had always ap- peared to him a most insane application of a principle sound in itself, and he did not mean to recommend any such course; but he did mean to urge them to promote more extensively the legitimate pursuits of commerce with the people of Africa. They should also throw open as much as possible the ports and harbours of the West Indies to a free importation of Tropical labour. Such a course would not awaken the jealousy of foreign powers, and would be productive of the most beneficial effects. It would put down the slave- trade by underselling its produce; it would destroy the traffic by rendering it unprofitable. It would give the African what it was impossible he could enjoy in his own country—it would place him in a position to avail himself of the wealth, the peace, and advantage of a civilized community.

Sir George COCKBURN opposed the motion. He read accounts from the naval force on the coast of Africa, to show that the efforts to suppress the traffic are quite successful. On the 5th of April last, the Commodore wrote that during the past twelve months there had been forty-five seizures of slave ships, only one of which had been released by the Mixed Commission. Of those forty-five only twelve had slaves on board, the others having been taken while attempting to approach the coast. The loss of slaves at sea by death is but 4 per cent; and the barracoons have been destroyed. To abolish the present system, would be to abolish treaties concluded with African chiefs who would at once resume war with their weaker neighbours, to renew slave-trading.

Lord HOWICK concurred in most of what had fallen from Mr. Hutt; but at the same time he would not recommend him, in the then state of the House, to press his motion. [There were not forty Members present.] He did not share in Sir George Cockburn's expectations of success.

He could not help thinking that the better and wiser policy for the attain- ment of the object in view, the suppression of the slave-trade, would be to with- draw the Commission. For thirty years the same expectations had been en- tertained—it was always hoped that some new device or plan would succeed in putting down the slave trade; but the ingenuity of the slave-trader had kept pace with our efforts. The evidence of our own officers went to prove that the trade was increasing more than ever in Cuba and Brazil. It is noto- rious that the Government-officers there connive at the traffic; and the inter- ference of foreigners must inevitably be regarded with so much jealousy that he was surprised at the forbearance with which it had been met. With re- spect to the right of search, he had never condemned the right honourable Baronet for giving it up, more especially when he considered the feeling which had been excited in France on the subject; but on the scheme of a combined squadron on the coast of Africa he looked with doubt. He feared that the officers would either agree too well or too ill: if too ill, there would be col- lision between the British and French; if too well, legitimate commerce would be obstructed and discouraged.

Sir ROBERT PEEL declined to follow Lord Howick's observations on the new convention with France, as it would be discussed on a future day, for which Lord Palmerston had given notice of motion. He admitted that Gov- ernment had not been successful in abolishing the traffic, and that the efforts to suppress it had even increased its horrors: yet on the whole he doubted whether the sufferings of the unfortunate Negro race would not be increased if British vigilance were relaxed. He doubted whether Mr. Hutt had not ex- aggerated the extent of the trade—the number imported into Cuba and Brazil, the only two countries more actively carrying on the slave-trade, prob- ably does not exceed 35,000. As to crushing the slave-trade by encouraging the successful competition of free labour in our own colonies, even supposing Mr. Hutt's anticipation were realized, the process would take a great length of time. He admitted the advantage of introducing free labour into your own colonies; but he apprehended that the two systems, the suppression of the slave-trade and the sanction of free African emigration, are not consistent, and that an attempt to make them so would give encouragement to the direct slave-trade. Sir Robert quoted several communications representing the naval operations as quite successful in obstructing the traffic—as at Quilimane, where 2,000 slaves could not be shipped. Spain and the United States are cordially cooperating with the British; we are now to have the aid of France; and he had no doubt of ultimate success.

After a few words from Sir Charles Napier, in favour of trusting to the efforts of the combined squadron, Lord Palmerston rose to speak; when the House was "counted out." [The motion therefore was lost.]

#### NEW ZEALAND.

Parliament has given three days to the Colonies! And though the im- mediate topic brought before the House of Commons was the grievances of the longest and remotest of them—New Zealand—the discussion was really of great importance and interest; for it concerned the whole Colonial policy of the country towards settlers and aboriginal races, and the conduct of the official department which of all Government branches most needs reforming. The discussion was marked by talent and painstaking on all sides. Each of the three days had its separate characteristics. On Tuesday, the case for the colo- nists and the colonizing company of New Zealand against the Colonial Office was opened by Mr. Charles Buller, in a speech which may justly be called great as well as long; disclosing a tissue of arrogance, dissimulosity, and injustice, seldom equalled even in Colonial annals. The wronged parties hav- ing been repeatedly cajoled by pretences of redress from Lord Stanley, and as repeatedly disappointed, now made a last appeal to Parliament. Mr. Bul- ler moved for a Committee of the whole House; intending to propose for the adoption of that Committee the resolutions passed by the Select Committee last year, not as strictly applicable to existing circumstances, but as still true in the main, as recommended by an authority recognized in the House, and as sup- ported by the recorded evidence in the Blue Book. How little this was a mere party movement is attested by the fact, that a Conservative supporter of Gov- ernment, Mr. Monckton Milnes, seconded the motion. The only other speaker that night was Mr. Hope, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies; whose miser- able special-pleading, in answer to broad charges involving questions of states- manship, served to strengthen the case against the Office; his speech was like a message of excuse spoiled in the delivery because scarcely understood by the messenger. The Wednesday's discussion began with a sally by Captain Rous; who in behalf of his absent sea-mate, Captain Fitzroy, assaulted the Company such as he would a hostile man-of-war, with neither scruple nor measure,—plain-

ly introducing the charge, that it had scandalized land buyers and labourers; and afterwards, Sir Robert Fergusson, the Member for the Missionaries, more skilfully hinted charges of unfairness. They were coolly brushed away by Mr. Aglionby and others; who referred to the authoritative vindication in the Blue Book. Mr. Baskly, the promising young Member for Leominster, rose on the Conservative side, and gave the debate a higher character, by calling for a revision of our whole Colonial policy; sketching very liberal views of his own, though a Conservative and a West Indian proprietor. The higher ground was well maintained by Mr. Hawes; and Lord Howe exemplified in the positive and evident results of misrule in New Zealand the inefficiency and viciousness of the machinery for governing our dependencies.

The position Ministers had become much more critical in the progress of the two nights debate: the miserable position taken up by Mr. Hope was clearly untenable; the sight of intelligent and independent, but not wayward or secretly malignant Members, rising on their own side to demand Parliamentary interference with the Colonial Administration, showed the strength and extent of the conviction that there was something radically wrong; the more analytical speakers had given aim and development to the reasons for that general conviction; and on Thursday, the question was vigorously brought to an issue by Mr. Eliice, in an address of strong practical sense, calling for a Ministerial declaration as to future plans. Mr. Cardwell's able piece of special pleading, more creditable than Mr. Hope's, scarcely delaying the accelerated progress of the debate: Mr. Mangles, a member of the Church Missionary Society, courageously exposed the bad and tortuous policy of the Missionaries; Mr. Colquhoun, another Ministerial remonstrant—Mr. Sheil, a Whig accuser of broken faith, in his own pointed language—kept up the fire of attack; and at length, Sir James Graham was drawn forth with the declaration of a new and conciliatory policy. Some incidental reflections on Lord John Russell's share in past mistakes called him up, with further proofs of the untenable nature of the original Ministerial position; and lastly appeared Sir Robert Peel, even more conciliatory than Sir James Graham. The chief concern of the colleagues was to bring off Lord Stanley; which they did after a fashion, by pleading that he was not much worse than others had been before him, and by shielding him from a formal censure with so much of their organized majority as they had, not without diligence, contrived to keep together. But to save the man, they were obliged to surrender his policy. His Governor, so obstinately upheld, is abandoned to the foe—quite given up. The Ministerial construction of the "treaty" with the savages at Waitangi is maintained in terms, but evaded; for while the proprietary right of the Native over the waste lands is asserted, those lands are to be recovered by a screw—a tax with confiscation on non payment. A new Government is sent out—Captain Grey, of South Australia; the colonists are to have their interests consulted; friendly relations with the Company are to be cultivated; perhaps the capital of New Zealand is to be removed from Auckland; municipal institutions, with large powers of local taxation, are to be established; and probably a representative form of local government will follow in a short time. After all this backing-out Lord Stanley escaped, and Mr. Buller's motion was negatived by a vote of 223 to 172.

### Foreign Summary.

Mr. O'Connell has returned to Dublin. He left London immediately after his unsuccessful efforts to fashion the Collegiate Bill to the taste of the Catholic prelates. His journey across the channel has not evidently increased his fondness for the "Saxon;" and his parliamentary colleagues, Mr. Smith O'Brien, and his son, John O'Connell, return, like himself, with tempers soured by disappointment.

The proceedings in the British Parliament, possess little interest. The House of Commons is engaged in another breach of privilege conflict. Mr. Parrott, formerly a member of the House, gave some evidence recently, before a select committee, which was afterwards published in one of the "blue books;" and as his statements—their correctness is not impugned—were thought to compromise a Mr. Phillips, that person had thought proper to bring an action against him. The House has ordered that the parties to the action shall be brought to the bar on Monday. If the House wish to maintain a vestige of its power, or desire to be treated with a particle of respect, it must exercise the one to ensure the other, and without delay. A growing conviction of this kind seems at length to have forced itself upon the attention of reluctant members.

The weather is again unfavourable, and the price of Grain has accordingly advanced; but as that trade is in a state of transition, the increased price is rather indicative of the feeling of the dealers than an earnest of the business transacted.

The Cotton market closes with firmness. The daily transactions are large, and the sales of the week amount to 60,000 bales—a large demand in the absence of active speculation, and most conclusive as respects the activity of which the manufacturing districts are the scene. An advance of an eighth of the middling classes of American has taken place. Spinners are said to be taking large stocks, but it is questionable whether they purchase beyond their immediate requirements.

The rival port to Liverpool, on the opposite shore of the Mersey—Birkenhead—will soon be in a condition to receive American and other shipping. Competition is the soul of trade, and one of the results of the competition which this town is destined to experience from the "city over the water" is, that when the new docks are opened, as they will be in a couple of months, a reduction will be made in the dock dues and other charges on merchandise in Liverpool.

The Birkenhead Commissioners sold, on Wednesday last, a quantity of land which realized £100,000, which, two years ago, did not cost them a fifth part of the price. Such is Commerce—such is Competition!

The Rev Mr. Barham, the author of the well known Ingoldsby Legends, died last week at his residence, Amen corner, St. Pauls, London.

PAUPER LUNATICS.—It appears from a parliamentary return, that there are chargeable to the parishes comprised in all the unions in England, the population of which amounts to 13,026,664, in the month of August last, 7271 lunatic paupers, of whom 3271 were males, and 3911 were females, and 6882 idiots, of whom 3271 were males, and 3611 were females. Thus the grand total of lunatics and pauper idiots amounted to 14,153.

Some spirited cattle feeders have begun to use molasses for fattening their stock, and if the Porto Rico molasses should be admitted, the supply will be abundant and the article cheap, as the protecting duty does not amount to more than 3s 6d per cwt.

The London correspondent of the Dublin Evening Mail, writing on Satur-

day week says, "Lord Stanley's mismanagement of the colony of New Zealand (what did he ever interfere with that he did not mismanage?) was near causing a break up of the Cabinet, on Thursday. Seventeen Tories voted against the Government; and upwards of thirty, who had intended to do so, were induced to walk out of the house."

The importation of British plantation and foreign sugar into this country to the 14th of June, was as follows in the present and three preceding years;—To June 18 1842, 64 885 tons; 1843, 65 495 tons; 1844, 60 810 tons; and in 1845, 93 997 tons. Great as has been the increase of supply, especially of the present compared with the last year, the sugar trade has not been in a better state for several years, and the price of British Plantation sugar is now 2s 2d per cwt. higher than it was this time last year, notwithstanding an increased importation of fifty per cent. So far, the relaxation of the sugar duties has certainly done no harm to the West and East India planters, who have now every prospect of enjoying the double advantages of large crops and very good prices. Part of the credit of this favourable state of things is due to the reduction of the extravagant duty on British Plantation sugar, made during the present session, but more of it to the general prosperity of the country, which gives the labouring classes the power of purchasing luxuries which are beyond their reach in bad times.

The Irish papers contain an account of a horrid affair near Cork, at a place called Ballinhassig, where a fair was held on the 30th of June. As night came on, two men began to fight, the police interfered, and conveyed one of the two belligerents to the station house. The country people attempted a rescue, and failed. They then began to throw stones at the house where the prisoner was confined, when the police loaded their weapons, and fired twice upon the rioters. The result was, that eight persons lost their lives.

MEETING OF CATHOLIC PRELATES.—On Thursday, the 19th ult., the prelates, assembled at Maynooth, devoted their attention to the New Colleges Bill, and the modifications proposed by Government. Having already, at a Synod held in Dublin, unanimously adopted a memorial and resolution, embodying their opinions and suggesting the changes which they considered indispensable, the prelates did not deem it advisable under the circumstances to take any further step. The prelates have determined to establish a new professorship of ecclesiastical history, and have selected the Rev. Dr. Russell, a man of great learning, to fill the new chair.

Mr. Green, of Sudbury, has suggested a method of purifying wells, &c., from foul air. The plan is simply to throw into the well a quantity of unslacked lime, which as it comes in contact with the water, throws up a column of vapour, driving before it all the deleterious gases.

A French chemist strongly deprecates the use of saltpetre in curing meat, and recommends sugar as more wholesome, and equally efficacious. He attributes scurvy, ulcers, and other diseases to which mariners, and other persons living on cured provisions are subjected, entirely to the chemical changes produced by saltpetre.

By a recent ordinance, the dress of the Jews and Jewesses in Poland is decreed. "The locks of hair worn by the men, and which are considered by them to be as sacred as their beard, to be discontinued," &c. The unmarried women "not to wear any covering on their head, and to draw their hair to the front of their head, and to retin it there by means of a comb." Disobedience of these and similar brutalities is to be visited with a fine of four silver roubles.

Dr. Steiger has, with the concurrence of three gentlemen who guarded him, made his escape from the prison at Lucerne, and the whole party, accompanied by many friends, arrived at Zurich at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th ult.

From a statement made by Mr. Hawes, it appears, that, up to the 26th of May, the money subscribed and authorized to be raised for various speculations was as follows;—For railways in England, £75 780,000; for other schemes, £3,345,000. For railways in Scotland, £9 800,000; for other schemes, £58,000; railways in Ireland, £11,350,000; making a total of £100,334,000.

DEBT OF DON CARLOS.—The Paris press has lately directed public attention to the subject of the debts of this prince, which it affirms are very numerous, expresses its surprise that not only has no arrangement been made in the documents of abdication for the settlement of these debts, but that the subject is not even alluded to. The debts in question are in the nature of loans, contracted during the Carlist struggle, in the interval between the death of Zumalacarre, and the treason of Maroto, and are represented by bonds, the interest of which is payable three months after the entrance of Don Carlos into Madrid. They do not exceed in amount, three millions of francs. The whole sum thus obtained was applied to public purposes, and the carrying on of the war. Since his residence at Bourges, Don Carlos has subsisted by allowances made him by the Northern Powers, and has not contracted any fresh liabilities.

### NAVAL DISPLAY AT SPITHEAD IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN.

On Saturday, her Majesty and the Prince, accompanied by the Earl of Aberdeen and the suite, embarked in the Royal yacht, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock and proceeded to Spithead. The waters were covered with yachts, steamers, and shore-boats in expectation of the excursion; and the ships were dressed out in the gayest style with flags, their yards manned, and their cannon thudding during salutes. The Royal party successively visited the *St. Vincent*, the *Trafalgar*, and the *Albion*, ships of the line. The Earl of Haddington and other Lords of the Admiralty, with Mr. Corry the Secretary, had arrived at Portsmouth over night; and embarking in the *Black Eagle*, they repaired to Spithead so as to meet the Queen on board the ships. Her Majesty was much gratified by the condition of the vessels; but an amusing anecdote of sailor-like plain speaking is told of Captain Lockyer of the *Albion*. Her Majesty observed inquiringly, "Have you a good ship's company, Captain Lockyer?" "Had a good ship's company," replied the gallant Captain, laying strong emphasis on the word "had." "Had a good ship's company?" rejoined her Majesty, turning to the Earl of Haddington, as if for an explanation; but, as the venerable chief of the Admiralty Board did not vouchsafe any explanation, the undaunted Lockyer concluded—"Yes, may it please your Majesty, I had a good ship's company, until it pleased their Lordships of the Admiralty to take away from me one hundred of my best men." The Queen having returned to her yacht, a signal was made for all the Captains to repair on board; and seven—the Captain of the eighth ship in port, Captain Fitzgerald, of the *Vernon* frigate, being too late—were presented at a kind of extemporary levee. After that, the Queen and her companions returned to Osborne House: the Lords of the Admiralty to town.

On Monday, there was a more striking naval display—the grandest, it is said since the Allied Sovereigns visited Portsmouth. Its waters were thronged



with visitors from all parts inland and on the neighbouring coasts, in all kinds of vessels; a great number of yachts belonging to the several clubs appearing among the rest. At noon, the Victoria and Albert yacht neared the fleet at Spithead, amid salutes, manning of yards, and a storm of cheers. The Black Eagle steamer, with the authorities of the Admiralty, was in attendance. A naval review then commenced. Admiral Sir Hyde Parker hoisted his flag in the Superb; whence signals to the rest of the fleet were made. The other vessels that took part in the proceedings were the St. Vincent, Trafalgar, Queen, Albion, Vanguard, Canopus, and Rodney: the Vernon did not do so. At half-past twelve, signals were given for the fleet to make sail, the Superb remaining anchored: in an incredibly short time the ships were under a press of sail, all hoisted to their royals; and a variety of evolutions were effected in a masterly manner. That done, the Superb itself set sail, and proceeded on a cruise, past Nab's Light and St. Helen's, and back to Portsmouth; the Royal yacht followed the movements of the huge vessel, attended by an immense fleet of yachts and steamers; all of which, except the two Royal and official steamers, were outstripped by the Superb. Having returned to Spithead, Lord Aberdeen took leave, repaired on board the Black Eagle, and proceeded with his naval colleagues to town. Meanwhile, the Royal yacht passed between the lines of battle-ships, and returned to Cowes; the Queen and Prince reaching Osborne House by about five o'clock.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

By the Steam Ships Britannia and Great Western, we have received English files to the 5th inst. inclusive. These Packets have sustained considerable heavy weather, although making a summer passage, and it is remarkable that whilst we were scorching and panting under an atmosphere of 100 deg. in the shade, the wayfarers in those vessels were shivering under a cold almost down to freezing point, and were in the region of Icebergs and fogs. The Great Western has brought out no fewer than 132 passengers.

The active soul of the Queen is directed in a manner that must constantly tend to increase the well-deserved popularity which her Majesty enjoys among all portions and classes of her subjects. Her time is largely spent among brilliant and magnificent scenes which, whilst they diffuse pleasure and satisfaction all around, add nothing to the burthens of the State, for the expenses are chiefly those which are defrayed by the rich and liberal hands of the British Aristocracy and the opulent. These, whilst partaking in the full share of the enjoyment offered, are opening irrigating streams of wealth through the trading and manufacturing districts of the country, so that pleasure is contributing to competence. The scenes of which we speak are those of balls and other elegant amusements, of magnificent reviews at Windsor and in Hyde Park, and of the Squadrons of England's "Wooden Walls." Such a sight as the last mentioned does not happen every day, we therefore have given place elsewhere to a somewhat detailed account of it, not doubting that as we have become almost a nautical world, the manoeuvres will be tolerably well understood, and the description interesting. And let not the idea be too hastily conceived that such scenes as these give a taste for dissipation to those who can but ill afford it; the English operatives are an industrious people, and in the season of plenteous employment they are neither led far nor long from the occupations which support and give comfort to their families; they may go half a dozen or ten miles occasionally to see a review, a race, or a—no thank Heaven, they do not now give much time to pugilistic encounters.

Cotton is slightly advancing, and the sales have recently been very large; still we perceive that nothing is bought of that article on speculation. Present use, or nearly so, limits the demand, and a healthy tone of business is permanently visible. Iron also has recovered its tone and stability and the voice of industry and plenty rings through the land. But what we chiefly rejoice in is the desire—the active desire—for the preservation of friendly relations between the United Kingdom and the United States. The Oregon question, which was thought by agitators to be rapidly assuming the title of the "Ouragan" question, has already resolved itself into a "storm in a tea-pot," there is too much real dignity inherent in the characters of both nations to allow of bluster and fierce denunciations concerning that which neither the circumstances of the case nor the times in which we live will allow to be passed over to the arbitration of the sword. Nor have the forebodings of foolish alarmists been realized in the least on the Texan question. Doubtless, and for reasons which require not the head of a professed politician, the great European governments of England and France would have been better pleased if Texas had attained her independence, and had received the acknowledgment of it from Mexico; but we think France would not, and we are sure England would not juggle and palter in an underhand manner to bring about a matter of so little comparative interest to them; and, as to taking public steps in the matter, what could either of those countries have to say as an excuse for their interference?

We quote to-day from the London Spectator a summary of the debate on the New Zealand question. The summary is terse and comprehensive, and may do well in the unavoidable absence of the debate itself for which we could not this week find room. The result in no wise surprises us, for it was the bounden duty of ministers to bring off their colleague with as little scathe as possible, yet we can hardly help a smile when we consider that the noble secretary for the colonies was sent—according to the expressed notions, of a contemporary—from the lower to the upper house of Parliament in order to assist the Duke! Assist the Duke indeed! It is well the Iron hero never saw the passage, for if he had and considered it worth notice, the writer would have felt himself trimmed ere this. Beaten and ousted as the Whigs have been,—and we are not about to defend their retreat,—they must find a sort of consolation in observing the unenviable notoriety which has been attained by those who deserted

their ranks; and the position of the Home and Colonial Secretaries, of a late Chancellor and of two or three others, to whom, being no longer in life we shall no further allude, may be a warning against departure from consistency. We said the other day that the noble Lord would find a dangerous adversary in Mr. Buller who commonly speaks advisedly when he comes forward to enlarge on public matters. By the bye the two secretaries were wont to expatiate upon the tenacity with which offices are held, are they not themselves remarkable illustrations of the remark?

The never ending question of privilege is still keeping the fire alight in the House of Commons. It is the oft revived matter of Stockdale and his attorney vs. the honourable house. Acting upon the decree of Lord Denman, Mr. Howard (Stockdale's attorney) has seized the authority of the House, got damages against Sir Wm. Gosselt, Serjeant at arms, and levied to recover them; the house is bound to protect its servant, and now what is to be the issue. The plea of privilege has been overruled by the law courts, and the question is at present an awkward one. Sir F. Thesiger confesses it to be so, and recommends to have the opinion of all the judges with regard to it; he further states that it is absolutely necessary to act promptly as there are three other actions pending, in one of which the damages are laid at £100,000 and that in the second case the Jury had given the full damages claimed. One of the difficulties in which this matter is involved arises from the fact that not only the Judges of the land are divided in their opinion thereon, but the legal members of the house have almost as many opinions as speakers, and that the most violent opposers of all interference with the Privileges of the Commons are the lay members who perhaps do not know much of the law of the case. Mr. Hume is for entire and uncompromising resistance. Sir R. H. Inglis is for moving a writ of error and if necessary carry the question before the Lords; but would not that be a dangerous precedent, to make the Lords judges of the privilege of the Commons? Sir Robert Peel leans towards Mr. Hume in resistance but he will not prematurely commit himself openly.

Mr. O'Connell is represented by some of the English journals as having been decorous and moderate whilst in his place in Parliament recently; he does not seem to have liked his position however, for he has gone back to Ireland; and some of the friends of his faction in Parliament appear to have forgotten the principle that in the duties of the House of Commons, they are representatives of the whole constituency of the Empire, for they have refused to take any share in the Committee labours of the Railway bills. We hardly know on what plea they can refuse, but unfortunately the privileges of the House and its regulations are at present in such a confusion that it can hardly be said either what they are or whether they exist. Something will have to be done in this matter ere long, else the honourable house will lose cast both in the legislature and in the public estimation.

No small joke however, perpetrated by the Agitator, is that he makes out four millions and a half of paupers in Ireland, which is in fact one half of the population. But supposing it to approach to that number, was it not enough to make him blush whilst uttering the remark. How large a portion of those millions have been buying mouthfuls of moonshine from him, and hurraing at his chariot wheels, whilst they were surrendering to him their last penny, and neglecting the useful labours of their generation? It is he and his colleagues in the Repeal deceit who have thus distressed the poor Irish, and it would have been more to his credit to go home and make restitution to the best of his means, than to whine at evils of his own creation, and cast the blame on those who strove to check the mad career of the deluded multitude.

NEW YORK IN FLAMES AGAIN.—It is several months short of ten years since this enterprising and flourishing city was the prey of the devouring element of fire, in which property to the amount of many millions of dollars was consumed and lost to the world for ever, yet from the pressure of which the elastic energies of the New York citizens arose superior, enabling them entirely to surmount a calamity which almost any where else, would have sunk the inhabitants beyond redemption. Not only did they triumph over the evil and restore prosperity to their commercial emporium, but they have been enabled to extend the hand of liberality to various other cities of this continent which have subsequently had to succumb under a similar, though perhaps inferior devastation.

New York is by many not inaptly called The City of fires, and never was the term more fitly applied than in the course of Friday night of the 18th and Saturday the 19th inst. There had been no fewer than seven alarms during the former, in different parts of the city, with various degrees of loss and damage but these only seemed to be the precursors of the awful, the tremendous conflagration which from three o'clock on Saturday morning till a late hour in the afternoon of that day swept from the city houses which of themselves were a considerable town, property which perhaps not less than six millions of dollars could replace, and—worse and more to be lamented—has caused the destruction of human life known to be great, but the actual extent of which is not yet ascertained.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that this fire commenced, at No. 34 New Street, a four story building, occupied as an oil store by G. L. Vandosen; this and an adjacent carpenter's shop were speedily and utterly destroyed; but about 4 o'clock, an explosion took place in the store of Messrs. Crocker and Warren, Broad-street, adjacent, which shook the whole city to its centre, and was even heard and felt at Staten Island, five or six miles off. It appears that there was a large quantity of Salt Petre and Gum Shellac stored here, the explosion of which scattered the building into the air, threw several others down and blocked up Broad Street entirely. The fire soon reached the Waverley Hotel, Broadway, which is now a heap of ashes, and from thence

southerly, the whole of the east side of Broadway, and Whitehall street, nearly to Pearl Street are utterly consumed; the same unhappy fate has attended New Street in the same direction, the noble and spacious Broad Street on both sides, Beaver Street nearly to Delmonico's at the corner of Beaver and South William Streets, Exchange Place, Stone Street, and Marketfield Street. The wind was not high, and there was abundance of water, but the intense heat of the weather had rendered the timber highly inflammable, and the fire itself seemed so concentrated that the action of the water from the engines was scarcely perceptible. What was least expected however was that at length the fire communicated across Broadway at its broadest part, namely near the Bowling Green, and many houses were burnt from the corner of Morris Street down to the Atlantic Gardens. It was feared now that the North river only would set bounds to the raging fury of the devouring element, but providentially it was arrested in that direction without reaching Greenwich street.

A large amount of goods was deposited in the stores and warehouses destroyed, and also in the vicinity, but much of these have been saved by the activity of the owners and the facilities and securities, which were offered by the city authorities. The new Police acted admirably, and the military, who were plentifully called in, kept the mere idle spectators and those who might have dishonest designs at a distance from the exposed property. Much of this which could not be effectually carried away was deposited on the ground of the Battery, and for some days and nights the military kept guard, until something like order and security could be restored.

In the midst of all the danger, in which the Firemen's exertions were beyond all praise, whilst there were many misfortunes there were not a few almost miraculous escapes, but it is next to certain that there are many still lying buried in the ruins of this ill-fated district. But what will not energy and manly determination effect? Already in every part of the burnt district are hundreds of carriages and thousands of labourers intently at work, to clear away the ground, and to know the worst with regard to their unfortunate fellow-men, and active preparations are in hand to restore the city, like a phoenix from its ashes.

It is highly to the honor of the proprietors of the Astor Hotel that their house was freely open to the hard wrought firemen, and that large quantities of refreshments were sent down to the burning district in order to comfort and strengthen those who were labouring so hard under a burning sun and raging flame. We have just learned also that other proprietors of hotels in Broadway have been kind and liberal in like manner.

It is not to be supposed that depredators and cheats could be entirely prevented from carrying on their infamous occupations, and indeed they are said to have done so to a considerable extent, but on the whole great praise is justly due for the precautions which were taken by his honour Mayor Havemayer, and the active exertions of the civil and military force which surrounded the dreadful scene. The daily press has already given the minute details of the sufferers by the fire, their names, &c. and we need not recapitulate them here. The entire loss will probably range between five and eight millions of dollars, and it is to be feared that three or four of the Assurance offices will be under the necessity of winding up their affairs.

The Chief Engineer has presented a communication to the Common Council upon the subject of the fire, he says:—

"The fire was discovered in No. 34 New street, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th instant, and the Department with much exertion had succeeded in gaining a mastery over it, by which the damage would have been limited to two stores, when an explosion took place most unexpectedly and destructively.

With the force of the heaviest ordnance the fire was driven into the buildings opposite on Broad and New streets. Six buildings on either side of the explosion were thrown down, and solid doors and iron shutters forced hundreds of feet from the scene of the explosion.

"This accident, while it drove the men from their posts, destroyed the lines from which the fire had been held in subjection, and before they could be renewed, both sides of New street, Broad and Exchange Place were enveloped in flames."

The foreman of Engine Company No. 22, has likewise published a communication, which is very interesting. He says:

"One pipe was ordered to the fourth story of the furniture store No. 36 Broad street, and while we were at work in the fourth story, I perceived a large body of smoke coming up stairs. In going down to the third story, I found it wrapped in flames almost to the stairs and I immediately ordered the members down. They all succeeded in making their escape but one. He was forced to take to the roof of the building, his egress having been cut off by the flames. I then went to the street and found the doors of No. 38 Broad street opened, and the store in flames from the roof to the cellar.

"The tail of our engine was directly opposite the front door. I ordered the members to the street, and then came down as soon as possible. We then seized the engine, and tried to drag it towards Exchange street but this was impossible, as the two hydrant streams were attached behind, thus preventing us from moving it. At the same time the fire was coming out from No. 38 Broad street at the door nearest to Exchange street, in discharges like the broadside of a ship of war; the flame, resembling a Drummond light, went in a straight line nearly across Broad street.

"Some gentlemen near us shouted out, 'run for your lives, No. 22, the building is full of gunpowder.' We started, and by the time we had proceeded about 30 yards the first explosion took place. In about two seconds afterwards the second explosion went off. The air was filled with bricks, rafters, beams, and showers of fire balls of saltpetre.

"The stores No. 42, 40, 38, (the building that exploded, occupied by Crocker & Warren,) also Nos. 36, 34, 32, 40, 28, and five or six large stores on the opposite side of Broad street, were all blown to atoms and set on fire. It literally rained glass, and our engine was blown across the street at the first explosion. Mr. Francis Hart, the member who took to the roof, was blown from the corner of Broad and Exchange streets to the centre of the block between Broad and New in Exchange street, and escaped entirely uninjured, with the exception of a sprained ankle."

**NEW YORK GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.**—At length the pictures, engravings, and specimens of sculpture belonging to this most praiseworthy institution have been commodiously and tastefully placed in their new abode at the Rotunda (late the Post Office) in the Park. We had the pleasure of attending the private opening yesterday and to-day they are displayed to the public. The paintings are disposed round the interior of the Rotunda, and the engravings occupy one adjoining apartment; these last are of great value and importance, and of themselves are sufficient to occupy the attention of the curious during many a visit. Having already spoken much at large on the various subjects of art in this collection it would be idle to travel over the same ground again; but we shall avail ourselves from time to time of any novelty or of any incident which may arise connected with the Institution and with the arts generally, so as to call attention thereto. Meanwhile we earnestly hope that the Gallery may be extensively encouraged.

**WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.**—There are few writers whose effusions written *aurante calamo* are more agreeable in their style, or more happy in the subjects seized upon than those of Mr. Willis. The Evening Mirror has given two of his letters in the course of this week, both of which have been bought with avidity, and we have no doubt that the future ones will be equally in request. We may observe however that they are dealt out rather too sparingly, for the two which have already appeared would not have furnished too much if they had been published in the same paper. It will be found rather detrimental to the general effect to find that ere one has well begun to read the modicum is concluded.

### The Drama.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—We have heard from what we believe to be an authentic source, that Signor De Begois is still in correspondence with several distinguished singers from the Italian Opera of London, amongst whom are M<sup>me</sup>. Albertazzi (Prima Donna), Signor Burdini (Primo Basso cantante), and Signor Paltoni (also Primo Basso).

We sincerely hope that the Signor will succeed, because we have long been sensible of both his taste and experience in these matters; he is also universally known through the wide fields of Vocalism both on the Old Continent and that of America; there is a general confidence in his judgment and management, in the latter of which he possesses the difficult art of being inflexibly firm. We do not yet know any thing of the details of the Signor's project but presume it will consist in making this city his "Head Quarters," with occasional excursions to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and (during the session of Congress) to Washington.

There are hopes then, still, of an Italian opera well founded and properly guided, where the public will not be insulted by the factions and quarrels of the artists, and where the artists may be adequately remunerated and the audience receive satisfaction.

**PARK THEATRE.**—**FRENCH OPERA.**—The very severe indisposition of Mr. Coeuriot interrupted the great and deserved success of *La Juive*. On Monday a very remarkable bill was offered to the public, but the house, however, was almost a desert! The 2d act of *Guillaume Tell*, an amusing vaudeville admirably performed by M<sup>me</sup>. Stephen, and the 3d and 4th acts of *La Favorite*, before a very thin audience.

On Wednesday and last night *La Juive* was performed again, with the same admirable *mise en scene*, and in the same gorgeous and splendid style as last week. It is indeed a magnificent spectacle, and the most attractive ever produced in this country; the music is of quite a remarkable quality. We have already expressed our opinion about F. Halevy's merits, and pointed out the principal gems of the score; we shall now speak more specially of the performers. Mr. Arnaud appears to great advantage in the part of Eleazar. His acting is very good and his singing is certainly that of a talented artist. His voice at first is not prepossessing or agreeable but once accustomed to it, we perceive how powerful and extensive it is, and admire the skillfulness and taste of the singer. And now we must say that Mr. Arnaud is the most perfect imitator of Duprez we have ever met with. The part of Rachel is not exactly written for M<sup>lle</sup>. Calve's voice and style, nevertheless, she is always delightful and sometimes even quite dramatic. This charming prima donna is the gem of the company. M. Coeuriot is capital in the 2d act of *La Juive*; his voice, in our opinion, is one of the best tenore voices heard here for many years. M. Douvry too has a beautiful *organe* and is very much admired in his part of Cardinal Brogni. This basso gives a *flat* in his first piece and not a *natural* as we heard from one of our neighbours: very few singers can reach so low, particularly with such a fulness of tone.—The other artists, choruses and orchestra are also deserving praise.

A new drama was performed on Thursday, "*La dame de Saint Iropeze*" is a kind of *mise en action* of the celebrated Mrs. Fafarge's story. Of course, in the play the lady is quite innocent and is not sent to the Penitentiary as the poisoner Pouche Lafarge, poetically known as the heroine of the Glandier. This novelty is very well cast and has been quite successful.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—A new piece has been brought out here, ostensibly for the purpose we presume, to bring out still more prominently the talents of Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Crisp but we take leave to say that it has not done any good to the professional reputation of either; it may have done a negative good, in other words it may have done no harm, but even that we are inclined to doubt. The piece is called "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," we are informed that it was originally written in five acts, but it is here reduced to three. The plot is almost to the letter, that of Scott's beautiful novel, it consists of a close condensation of all the principal incidents in that story, and the dialogue itself is chiefly from the novel; but were it not that nearly all the world is acquainted with the story and can mentally make the passing scenes "fit and dovetail" it would be next to impossible to understand it in the drama. The Lucy Ashton (Mrs. Mowatt) is a mere walking lady during the first two acts, and there actually is not one scene in which she has an opportunity to make a hit; whilst in the third she is turned into the heroine of a melo-drama, and has to "out-herod herod" in the extravagance of despair and melancholy, made worse inasmuch as the audience is not gradually wound up to the pitch of corresponding sympathy, and consequently all falls dead, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." In saying this we mean no disparagement to Mrs. Mowatt, nor indeed to any of the Dramatis Personæ &c.; all was done that could be done, but, whatever



the play may have been in full, it was a poor affair when cut down. Crisp was a gentleman-like Master of Ravenswood, but there was only a narrow field for execution; the death of Lucy and Ravenswood was a clumsy catastrophe, and Crisp's part of it was too sudden and startling. Davenport and Nickinson were severally very good in Bucklaw and Craigongelt, and Mrs. Chippendale was grand as Lady Ashton, but the real hero of the night was our friend Chippendale whose Caleb Balderstone was most excellently and feelingly comic, and whose Lothian Scotch dialect was "as natural as life." He received the warmest cheers and applauses and well indeed he deserved them all. In fact he saved the piece, and though Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Crisp were called out, as the "bright particular stars," the true honours of the evening were those won by Chippendale.

### Cricketer's Chronicle.

The friendly challenge issued by the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, against any eleven gentlemen of Canada has been accepted, and the players of the Club together with several friends depart this day for Montreal to play the first match. It will probably be commenced about Wednesday next; and about the end of August the Return Match will be played on the St. George's Ground in the Bloomingdale Road.

#### GRAND MATCH BETWEEN THE 52<sup>d</sup> LIGHT INFANTRY AND THE MONTREAL CRICKET CLUB.

The Match at Cricket, between the Montreal Club and the 52<sup>d</sup> Regiment, terminated, on Friday evening, in favour of the Military.

The game began on Thursday, about half-past one, P.M., by the Military going in, who scored 106 runs. The Club then went in for 83 runs.

At this period, about five o'clock, under the impression that the game might, perhaps, be terminated before dark, it was determined to proceed with the game at once, rather than stop then to discuss the handsome luncheon provided by the Club for the occasion: which was, however, done justice to afterwards.

The Military again took the batting, and scored 99 runs; the second innings of the Club being necessarily postponed till next day, when, at four, P.M., the play was resumed by the Club taking their innings, scoring 109, and, consequently, losing the match by 13. I give you, below, the names of the players on either side, with the number of their respective notches.

In the first innings, the fielding of the Club was most indifferent, in fact, throughout the game it was not creditable; neither was the bowling half so effective as we have occasionally seen it on practice days; during the second innings, the Long Stop was the only man who behaved well.

The batting of the Club was pretty fair—I should, perhaps, say good on the whole, in both innings.

The batting of the Military was unequal, those most depended on, not coming up to their score, and, on the other hand, the more indifferent players scoring most notches, with the exception of the second innings, when the superior batting of Lieut. Haranc alone scored 45.

The fielding of the Military was excellent, and it is to be hoped that the lesson given to the civilians (of which they stood much in need) will not be thrown away, but induce them to put a little more spirit and practice into their Club. It is, perhaps, but justice to add that two or three of their best men were prevented, by business and indisposition, from assisting on the occasion.

#### MILITARY.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Capt. Pocklington, 52 <sup>d</sup> b. Birch	3	b. Wilgress	1
Capt. Brownrigg, A.D.C. b. Harris	2	c. Wilgress	0
Lieut. Haranc, 52 <sup>d</sup> b. Birch	13	leg before wicket	45
Private Holwell, run out	6	c. Harrington	0
" Longley, c. Abbott	13	run out	9
" Siddes, b. Harris	3	c. Abbott	2
" Gillivan, b. do	9	b. Birch	3
" Rackley, run out	0	c. Abbott	0
" Brooks, not out	39	b. Birch	16
" Oakley, b. Birch	1	b. Wilgress	4
" Moore, b. Harris	0	not out	6
Byes	9	Byes	5
Wide	8	Wide	8
	106		99

#### CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. Birch, b. Oakley	27	b. Oakley	52
Wilgress, b. Oakley	21	c. Oakley	2
Carter, b. Oakley	10	leg before wicket	6
Harrington, b. Oakley	2	b. Siddles	7
Harris, c. Siddles	6	c. Brooks	6
Connolly, b. Oakley	2	c. Moore	1
Wilson, b. Oakley	0	b. Siddles	10
Anderson, b. Oakley	3	run out	4
Andrews, b. Oakley	3	c. Siddles	15
Abbott, not out	6	run out	4
Abbott, Jr. run out	0	not out	1
Byes	1	Byes	0
Wide	2	Wide	1
	83		109

To sum up in a few words—the Club have decidedly the best of the batting, so far as this match goes;—and the Military beat them out and out in fielding.

#### AN EYE WITNESS.

The return match between the Garrison and the Montreal Club, agreeable to previous arrangement, came off yesterday (July 18) on the ground of the latter, opposite McGill College. The time named for commencing operations was twelve o'clock but, at that hour, a most copious shower of rain was falling, which, to the desponding, threatened to mar the proceedings of the day. The more sanguine, however, kept up their spirits, and, agreeably to their predictions, the day cleared up at about one o'clock, when the wickets were pitched, and play commenced by the Garrison going in for the first innings.

The rain proved rather beneficial to the ground than otherwise; but the frequent recurrences of showers during the day was rather disheartening, and compelled the fielders, in one or two instances (but not until they had withstood it to the last) to retire to their tents.

It is a French maxim, that "Fortune favours the army that has the greatest

amount of artillery";—we may also say that "Fortune favours the side that has the strongest bowlers." The bowling was commenced by Mr. Birch, in his peculiar *Lillywhite* style, which in addition to the gracefulness and precision of delivery, did good execution. Mr. Shipway a steady and effective under-arm bowler, gave the next over, which told "well." In the first two overs, three wickets were taken.

The batting of the Military was not, generally speaking, very free, but in several instances, some fine hits were made. Mr. Haranc was rather unfortunate in the first innings, but, in the second, his "leg hits" gained for him much and deserved applause. Private Oakley's batting, also, deserves notice. It was very steady, and by reference to the score given below, it will be seen that he did much to maintain the falling fortune of his side. As a bowler he does much execution. His bowling, however, does not deserve the appellation of "fine," and can only be effective in the case of parties who have been accustomed to fast bowling. His ball is pitched very correctly and with much precision, but the velocity is so very insufficient, as to render it by no means difficult to keep the ball from the wicket—provided patience and perseverance be not wanting!

The batting of Messrs. Wilgress and Birch, on the part of the Club, was excellent, and did much in making up the small score of the first innings.

It is almost superfluous to speak of the batting of Mr. Birch—it is so generally known and admired as to need no comment.

Mr. Wilgress is a new player in Canada, and promises fair to keep up the reputation of a "*Cautab*." He is the surest bat (*barring catches*) in the Club, and can always be relied on for his score—"Ex sine viginti" ("out without a score") can seldom be said of him. He is favourably known as son of Col. Wilgress of Lachine.

The fielding of the Montreal Club, we are happy to say (*owing no doubt, to our Caudle lecture of last Saturday*), has undergone a manifest change for the better. The Garrison, it would be almost superfluous to say, maintained their character in this respect.

The long-stopping (*one of the most trying positions in the field*) was excellent on both sides. The points, also proved to have been judiciously selected and did their duty well. By reference to the score of notches, it will be seen that the name of Mr. Abbott, Senr (the Club Point) figures conspicuously under the head of "*caught*." Many of the catches made by him were difficult, and the securing of them did him much credit. His unwearied watchfulness, yesterday, and a most beautiful one-hand catch made by him, will, from henceforth, confer on him the important situation of perpetual point.

We must not omit here alluding to the wicket keeping, which was quick and good on both sides. Nor must we overlook the fielding of Capt. Brownrigg, who, in addition to his general quickness and promptness of delivery, made two excellent catches.

Hitherto we have been speaking wholly in the laudatory strain; now duty compels us to make use of a word or two of censure and advice. The *running*, on the Montreal side, is any thing but judicious, and requires much amendment. Nothing can be less excusable than being "*run out*"—The being run out by another person (a very common and foolish expression) is an impossibility. Each man should consider whether he can make his wicket, and, if he is satisfied that he can, he should not hesitate an instant, but cry "*run*," which his companion can reply to either by running without hesitation (for it is hesitation does the most evil,) or by crying "*stand*," and sticking to the ground. We merely throw out these hints with the view of drawing the attention of the Club to the matter, in order that some understanding may be come to among themselves, to avoid the unfortunate occurrences of yesterday, when two of the best players "*run themselves out*." Mr. Connolly is generally reputed to be a good runner, but it is so seldom that we have had the pleasure of seeing him run, that we are unable to pronounce a judgement.

Another cause for censure is the want of systematic "*backing up*" on the part of the Club. This censure must chiefly fall on the slips, who, in this respect were rather deficient. It is hardly to be expected, however, that a bowler, who merely stands short slip while he is not bowling, can attend with so much activity to this, as a person whose allotted position is *short slip*. We must, therefore, wholly acquit the former of any censure on this head.

The deciding Match, we hear, will be played during the next week, when we hope to see the noble and manly sport patronised by a greater number of spectators.

#### GARRISON.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Capt. Pocklington, b. Shipway	5	b. Shipway	1
Capt. Brownrigg, b. Shipway	1	b. Shipway	0
Lieut. Haranc, b. Shipway	0	not out	17
Sergeant Embury, run out	5	b. Shipway, c. Shipway	0
Corporal Longley, b. Birch	0	b. Shipway	0
Private Moore, b. Shipway	19	b. Shipway, c. Caudle	0
" Holwell, b. Shipway	3	b. Birch, c. Wilgress	1
" Siddles, b. Birch	1	leg before wicket	5
" Oakley, not out	23	b. Shipway, c. Abbott, Sr.	4
" Gillivan, b. Birch	0	b. Birch	0
" Pearson, b. Birch	0	b. Birch, c. Shipway	1
Byes	4	Byes	0
Wide	0	Wide	2

Total, 1st Innings 61

Total, 2d Innings 31

#### MONTREAL CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Birch, b. Oakley	17	Birch, run out	10
Connolly, b. Oakley	1	Connolly, not out	21
Liddell, b. Oakley, c. Brownrigg	3	Liddell, not out	7
Harris, b. Embury	1	Byes	3
Abbott, Sr., b. Oakley, c. Brownrigg	0	Wide	0
Shipway, run out	4		
Wilgress, not out	16		
Harrington, b. Embury	2		
Cand'e, b. Embury	5		
Abbott, Jr., knocked wicket down	0		
Chapman, b. Embury, c. Longley	0		
Byes	3		
Wide	0		

Total, 1st Innings 52

Total, 2d Innings 41

It is hardly necessary to state that as soon as the party who have the runs to make have scored one more than their adversaries, the game is called, and play ceases.—*Montreal Gazette*.

## DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

## Painting.

## ON THE GENIUS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

BY R. E. REINAGLE, R.A.

Few of the pursuits of men in the various periods called ages of the world, have excited more general enthusiasm than what is called the Fine Arts. There have been but very few marked periods, old as is this world, which is perhaps not the century of the fact, as related. The age of the Etrurians, a people which possessed all the lower half of Italy, and at one time, long before Rome, the greatest part, as I have stated in my essay on the Picturesque, is the first we can trace when artists rose very far above house decorators. In architecture, Egypt carried the palm from all the then known world. History, but especially the huge and stupendous remains of divers cities of vast renown, as Thebes, Balbec, those in Palestine, and others in Upper Egypt, pronounce the grandeur of their conceptions, and the marvellous power in erecting such god-like works. He who reads attentively the accounts given of the Egyptian labyrinth, with its hundred of temples and thousands of columns, we may say its numberless courts, and the stupendous conception of the whole as one work, will remain transfixed with astonishment. This people did nothing puny. Whatever has been left to us to behold, bespeaks the highest elevation of the human powers of invention. If we contemplate their statuary, carved or chiselled out of the hardest granites, the severity of such undertakings fills us with a *puny shrimp* of people, with more than amazement; for while we behold their Memnon, sphinxes, and other figures or imaginary animals, scarabei, (beetles, a sacred insect), &c., we feel as if the thing were impossible to be produced,—yet they stand before us! It is true that they attained none of the high excellences as sculptors of genius, which the Greeks did long after them.

The reason I assign for these circumstances, which seemed to put a bar to further advancement in sculpture by the Egyptians, was, that philosophy was little exercised or known as a reasoning faculty. But when Greece elevated itself, with its divers divisions or states, into one nation, Heaven seems to have beamed upon this ever-glorious people in such a way as to have presented to the world an example of *what men may become*, if they follow a philosophical course. Architects abandoned the vast massive forms the Egyptians conceived and adopted, for a style of more lightness and elegance. The Greeks, by their wisdom, adopted through geometrical invention four orders. Two varieties of the Doric—the examples left at Paestum, and those in Greece; the former, a short figure of the column, but huge in dimensions, being nine feet diameter at the base; each flute being big enough for a man to stand in a niche. The Corinthian follows, which is the utmost stretch human conception has brought forth of the beautiful and the grand combined. The Ionic, and the Tuscan; which latter is the simplest and plainest of all the four. It was the Roman architects who invented a fifth order, usually called the Composite. This consisted of the most splendid enrichments of ornament on ornament, which produced an air of magnificence the more sober orders of the Greeks were not calculated to effect.

I will now advert to the main subject of this essay—Landscape. We have not the smallest or remotest idea whether the Egyptians or Etrurians, the Greeks or the Romans, had ever practised the more lovely art, that of Landscape. It would seem to have been an art reserved for future ages to develop, allowing other races of men, in divers countries, to bring forth the beauties of nature represented. It is to many of us a matter of wonder, when their poets revelled in descriptions of rich and varied scenery, that no artist directed his mind to that loveliest walk.

Poets raise painters: for he who deals most with poetry will elevate his productions almost insensibly. To be a great landscape painter, a man must have a poetical genius: to be a great historical painter, he must be a profound philosopher.

Claude Lorraine and Titian are splendid examples of the one walk: and Raphael is the prodigy of the philosophic order, of the other.

I have said it is a matter of wonder to us that the Greeks never produced an eminent landscape painter, though they, or some of the artists, excelled in still life, as is exemplified in the renowned story of the group of grapes; and the supposed picture, with a curtain also supposed before it. Xenxis was one of the competitors. He challenged, or was challenged, to compete in a real representation of nature. He produced a picture of fruit, grapes being prominent. It was so exposed, that it is said birds pecked at the fruit, being deceived. The day arrived for judgment. The umpires with others, pretty numerous, attended. The fruit-piece was extolled to the utmost of expression. When the party had sufficiently admired the work, the competitor was desired to produce his. He placed it on the appointed easel or stand, by the side of the greatly-lauded fruit piece. It was covered, as it appeared, by a curtain. "Well," they said, "draw your curtain." "No," said the artist; "one of you must do so;"—but on coming up close to the picture, and attempting to slide the curtain, it was found to be a painted imitation, when a general exclamation pronounced it the greater work of the two; for one had deceived birds but the other had cheated the senses of men. Whether this is a true story or not, we cannot trace. It would seem to be a mere fable, to express by it the amazing excellence the Greek artists had arrived at. Amidst all this display of graphic powers, which, from what we gather in the description of the best works of battles and other subjects, absolute deceptive imitation seems to have been the captivating charms of most of their productions, why the fascination of Landscape should have been overlooked, and not perceived by any one of that wonderful people, seems beyond the reach of all conjecture. Their poetry was full of rich imagery, which, we might reasonably conclude, ought to have aroused in some of their mighty artists, efforts, fine feelings, and successful accomplishments in that line, which, like all others that they practised, we have but to follow. All that can be done, has been first done by them. To reason upon it now is futile. However, the only rational conclusion to be deduced from the neglect of landscape painting, must be, that it was considered of too inferior an employment for the minds of philosophers of great and active energies. If such were, or had been, the determination of these wondrous people, we must condemn the decision; for I believe there is scarcely a solace to the minds in graphic pursuits, equal to that which is afforded by the study of nature in her Alpine and poetic pastoral character; and transmitting to canvases the poetical effects of nature. Virgil, and Thomson and fifty or a hundred other poets, will furnish poetical imagery to a perceptive mind in abundance. Our days of frippery and false taste deny success to the high order of heroic landscape painters. To produce scenery Caracci, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, or Nicolò

Poussin revelled in, would be to court neglect and misfortune. The late Lord Ribblesdale, who died at an early age, was my pupil from the earliest instructions. He soared to the upper regions of the mind, and exhibited a pure and noble taste. His drawings were splendid, and manifested a great and poetic mind; but he became so disgusted with the indifference shewn by the world, of his own rank, that he left off assiduous attention to oil-painting, telling me he was disgusted at the low and pitiful taste of the times, and neglected the divine pursuit.

To return to Landscape, I have to observe that the first painters of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, who adorned famed Italy, the genius of true Landscape was exceedingly slow in penetrating their minds. Filippo Lippi may be named with Masaccio and Domenico Gherlandajo, filling a space of time from the death of Leonardo da Vinci of 116 years, as the chief artists of renown. The first gave the earliest indications of a taste for landscape to the backgrounds of some of his sacred subjects, which then began to burst the bud of a new walk in art. Gherlandajo followed, and went farther into the development of this new-born taste. They, however, made only a beginning which other men improved upon, as the poetic perceptions of greater artists led them forward. This to certain men of taste is a most interesting period. These artists just named unlocked the mind of John di Bellino, the master of Titian and Giorgione, who burst into a wider field of the elegant poetic pastoral, which Titian and Giorgione carried to the highest pitch. Titian had the advantage of Giorgione in the art of enriching the backgrounds of his pictures, by landscape scenery. Each painted for their great recreation pure landscapes; adding figures, symbolical, allegorical, poetical, and pastoral. To my feeling, they are such landscapes as I conceive Homer and Virgil would have produced, could they have painted, to which great names I cannot avoid adding Ovid. Verdant countries, mountainous backgrounds, the sea, rivulets (not rivers), and the kind of figures I have named, were the usual components, added to which, groves of majestic trees of a generalised character, and groups as well as single trees, were dispersed in the most judicious and captivating manner. Thus, these very eminent geniuses caught the philosophy of landscape scenery. What I mean by this language is, that in all they did as landscape painters, all was congenial to the chosen scene: all yielded to the period of the day represented. The skies were of majestic forms, classical in look, and combined with the happiest felicity with every feature of their pictures. The picture of Bacchus and Ariadne in our *puny* National Gallery (a misnomer), gives to the reader of this article some notion of my aim at explanation. I will draw the attention to another fine poetical landscape, which conventionally has long since been termed the heroic style. I allude to the bold and masterly landscape by Salvator Rosa, with Mercury and the Woodman; the former showing him the golden axe. Here we have a very fine example of philosophic and poetic landscape. First, the country takes a grand aspect by the lofty and craggy mountains immersed in blue vapour, which, being connected with a wild middle ground, showing no tillage nor lowly toils of husbandry, where a noble foreground of grand and large growing trees, chestnut and horse-chestnut, overhang a pool of deep water, and the eye is presently lost in the thick masses of dense foliage. Here the poetic feeling displays itself. The woodman is no mean fellow: he seems of a superior order. The whole country seems fitted for the rambles of the Pagan gods and their demi-gods. Our thoughts fly from all notions of cottages and cabbage gardens. No potato fields, no turnip-fields, no common meadows meet the eye. We are, by the artist, removed entirely from every notion of the common haunts of men. We are transported into a splendid wild region, more the haunts of powerful wild animals than of pastoral flocks. The imagination, (if we have any), is immediately let loose, and fancy roams into fancied regions, foreign to all ordinary views of cultivated nature. He who, like myself, has been all but lost in vast pine-forests of the Alps and lofty Swiss mountains, will appreciate this grand view of art, which Salvator loved to express. He loved it because he was a poet. I will now draw the attention to another magnificent work of a poet-painter, the vast landscape by Peter Paul Rubens. No contrast to Salvator's landscape could be greater or more opposite for a still better explanation of the philosophy of Landscape-painting. In this magnificent display of the graphic powers of a truly great man, we have a grand landscape—grand, because it seems to command a whole province from the almost endless extent of the horizon. It is grand, because the rising sun glides in golden tints its beaming rays over every rising object from the plane or surface. It is in its way, poetical as far as poetry can be called in aid. We find all the offices of country life going on. We have the rural animals scattered abroad; all is busy, all is life. The sturdy sportsman is advancing towards a basking covey of partridges in cautious approaches, desirous of having a shot at the playful innocents. Different feelings belong to the man and the game: one is all in confident security, enjoying life in the warm glow of the morning sun; the other is all anxiety to terminate the lives of as many as his skillful aim will ensure him. Near to this we have peasantry driving country waggons, going to their daily work, and some on foot, there being men and women, which indicates that each takes a share of the toil. Close to them rises a grove of open and partly pruned trees, receiving the sun's light. They form a screen before a mansion built in the style of the 15th century. The whole composition is full of nature, but unchosen, unselected nature. All is commonplace. The plain presents no grand features; it is chiefly clothed with pollard-cut willows and pruned aspen-trees. Ditches are seen in winding courses, ingeniously varying the lines of the composition. The sky is vast in appearance, and richly bespangled with Virgil's fleecy clouds. The sun's rays dart through, and all his splendour; but this splendour is more to be attributed to the consummate skill and great knowledge of effect, than of dignified treatment in the choice of the component materials. Of itself, and for itself, it is a philosophical work, because all is in harmony; and each part, from the foreground to the background's greatest distance, synchronises perfectly.

It is in this way that the principles of what are termed grand in art are to be distinguished. Claude Lorraine led the way for Rubens. No one led Claude. It has been the fashion with shallow critics, to affect to condemn Claude as wanting in genius. We have a recent author, who, in his wild and mad enthusiasm in praise of a living amazingly talented brother artist, sets down Claude and others as mere would-be artists, knocking down "fore and aft," right and left, every one who has been a landscape painter, calling the most eminent mere tyros, in order to exalt his favourite. Bulwer has done the same in favour of Martin. All this is despicable weakness. In each case so ly stands in glaring colours before us. We cannot be led in such a manner; we are tried to be misled. If it were imposed, that no man should write poems or odes, unless he equalled Homer, Ovid, Virgil, or Horace, and because these were pre-eminent, all is trash from other pens,—vile, abominable, puerile, and



infantile: the palpable folly of such a sweeping condemnation would become evident to reading-servant-maids, and two-penny coffee house *litterati*. Bulwer, to extol Martin, made this blunder, to exalt Martin's poetic imagination:—"He achieved things none before him had thought of, or had dared to do. He showed you the sun, the moon, and a comet all at once." Yes, he did; but such a sight never was yet allowed to us mortals; for if the sun and moon be above the horizon at the same time, which is a most frequent case, the comet cannot be seen, if we had a million of eyes as effective as Lord Rosse's mighty telescope. Then why shall certain half-witted enthusiasts endeavour to mislead the poor benighted good-natured absent-of-thought people. I hope for one, that those who read such works as I allude to, laugh and joke when they tumble over such arrant nonsense. We might as well receive praise for painting a man as if made of glass, and we saw all the inner-man as we do pastry at a confectioner's, or fishes in a globe of water. How fine it would be for Landseer to paint a group of glass horses, by which we could see digestion going on, and all other inward functions; and round about the horses' feet a heap of glass or transparent cocks and hens, geese and ducks; and we saw the ovariums, and other eggs close upon parturition—should he be extolled for his daring absurdities? We hope not. Yet such is admiration with the would-be witty slaughtering commentator, on productions of the pencil and the mind co-operating.

Having drawn a comparison between two great painters' works which adorn our National Gallery, and having pointed out the differences of their respective poetic and philosophic character, I deem it expedient to go farther down the scale, and descant upon two other pictures, the large landscape by Jean (John) Both, and the larger picture by Albert Cuyp. By selecting pictures everybody may see, by going to the National Gallery, I hope to bring home to every reader's conception those distinctions in art, which show either the presence of the highest classic, poetic, and philosophic feelings, or the degradation of the most lofty principles of the exalted character of the art of Landscape, by the contrast I shall offer. I shall commence with the picture by J. Both. As a mere work of painting excellence, this picture has always held a high place in the estimation of the lovers of the Dutch school. It affords a very strong instance of the failure of giving an imposing effect by the imagery which constitutes its general features. We have the representation of lofty mountains in the background, immersed in the vapour of an evening sun. These follow a rich intermediate ground, amply clothed with trees. We approach the foreground, where we find a great barrier of lofty crags, also clothed with foliage. There is a winding road, on which country travellers, with their mules, are trudging up the ascent. We have lofty trees in the front, and divers characters of underwood fringing the road up to the left corner. We have a brook trickling its way from right to left, garnished with brambles and weeds.

All this sounds pretty well, and if the reader has never yet seen this picture, he may, if his conceptions be of a poetic cast, fill up the work in his imagination with much grandeur. But a fatal love of fitter, an abuse of manner, a weakness of all the parts, defeats the intention of the painter. There can be no doubt Both conceived he had produced a grand picture, because he had large mountains, great space on this side towards the front ground, lofty crags and tall trees with the addition of a winding road, figures, and a brook. First I have to say, the work totally fails as one of grandeur. None of the components are treated in a style suited to what belongs to the grand. The trees, as is a general case in his pictures, are thin, sea-weedy, and divested of such bold masses as either Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Caracci, Domenichino, Titian, the two Poussins, or even Francesco Milé would have given. Manner, both in touch and the gingerbread-colour-hues, become fatal destroyers of the elevated landscape. The scallop touch which is used in clouds, trees, lights on rocks, ground, underwood &c. &c., diverts the beholder into another sensation, whereby the lovers of manner, the weakest of all patrons, revel with delight. Mr. Constable was so great an enemy to manner, the product of certain whimsies of the pencils and brushes, that to avoid the evil, he chose to paint more with his palette knife than with tools of the pencil order. He deprecated all the works of the Dutch school, as far as enmity could go, or words express. Mr. Turner, who is called the great artist, is one of the same school of the palette knife. All this aversion from pencils and brushes may be carried, as it has been, too far, and thereby fall into the most ridiculous and unnatural, within an artist's reach.—[Remainder in our next.]

## THE KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY TO AMATEURS IN PICTURES.—FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FRANÇOIS-XAVIER DE BURTIN.

It seems taken for granted by the great body of amateurs who haunt picture galleries and exhibitions, that knowledge and taste in painting come by nature and have little or nothing to do with study or fixed principles. By the time that they have discovered this to be in part a mistake, and to suspect their own ignorance, and their incompetence to criticise, and lay down the law solely by virtue of instinct, it may be surmised that they are in a fit condition to profit by the lessons of M. De Burtin. Besides the excellent Lectures of Mr. Haydon, several good books on the same subject have lately been produced in England, though this translation, which embodies the essence of another sterling work, with as much of its details as are important to British readers, is still an acceptable gift to lovers of pictures; while the purchasers of pictures will in it find much useful information, not only in judging of the merit of paintings, but of their condition and state of preservation, and the methods and precautions necessary in cleaning or restoring them. The work is entirely free from professional pedantry, and its principles of art are enlightened and catholic. In proof of this opinion we shall quote a few sentences.

### HOW TO JUDGE OF PICTURES

Although it be my intention to make as little use as possible of what modern authors have written on painting, and to communicate to the public only what I myself have learned from forty years' observation, reflection, and experience, yet there presents itself here a matter so delicate to treat of, and which touches so nearly on the self-esteem of artists, towards whom I do my endeavors to maintain that respect which is due to their honorable and useful occupation, that I am led, before announcing my own opinion, to cite that of another, in order to show that if mine have the misfortune to displease those who have an interest in taking offence at it, it enjoys, at least the merit of being neither new nor singular. The authority upon which particularly I rest my opinion is that of the very erudite English writer, Webb, who says,—"We have all within us the gems of taste, and are capable, if we exercise our powers, of improving them into a sufficient knowledge of the polite arts. I am persuaded that nothing is a greater hinderance to our advance in any art than the high opinion we form of the judgment of its professors, and the proportionable diffidence of our own. I have rarely met with an artist who was not

an implicit admirer of some particular school, or a slave to some favorite manner. They seldom, like men of the world and connoisseurs, rise to an unprejudiced and liberal contemplation of true beauty. The difficulties they find in the practice of their art tie them down to the mechanic; at the same time that self love and vanity lead them into an admiration of those strokes of the pencil which come the nearest to their own."

All that this learned person says here, and all that Junius, the Abbe Laugier, and others, have written upon the same subject, I myself have thought a thousand times before having read them. The greater part of the painters who returned from Rome have not failed to confirm me in my opinion, by their unjust contempt for every thing that is not in their manner, and that does not smell of Italy. This odious affectation disgusts the young amateur, and intimidates him, that not daring longer to trust his eyes, he is reduced to judge of pictures only on hearsay. He refers himself blindly to the judgment of others; he represses his own conviction into servile silence, smothering the opinion which his natural taste dictates, and so accustoms himself to exaggerate the difficulties of attaining to true connoisseurship, which is the object of his desire, that by his own pusillanimity he never does reach it.

The public, indeed, in general, is the natural judge of every picture, as of every piece of poetry and music. The author in vain complains of his ignorance. He is condemned without appeal, if he is disapproved of by this public, whose suffrage ought to be the aim of his work; and that so much the more because their decisions are founded only on nature.

### HOW TO JUDGE OF THE PRESERVATION OF PICTURES.

Among the bad effects which time may produce on a picture, there are some which are easy to be discovered, such as cracks and the sinking of parts of it into the interstices of the canvass, or the appearance of the pores of the wood in those which are upon panel. But it requires a little more attention and practice to judge whether the colours have become too black; whether the oil or the priming have absorbed and finally destroyed them, or whether the ochres employed for the ground have communicated to them a brick-red general tone. The amateur ought to apply himself the more to acquire a knowledge of the injuries which time may cause a picture, because art and skill do not offer any remedy for them that is completely successful; while an expert and intelligent hand may manage to repair most other injuries in such a manner as often to deceive the most practised eye.

A picture is exposed to injury in so many ways from the hands of the ignorant, that it becomes difficult to enumerate them. It seems to me, therefore, that I cannot do better, in order to facilitate the knowledge of them to the reader, than divide them into those which remain evident, and those which art has concealed with more or less success. Among the latter I include also reparations made on such as have suffered from accident.

Of course the first kind, the largest number are owing to the mismanagement and unskillfulness of those who have the audacity to undertake the cleaning of pictures without the requisite knowledge and caution. Their unpractised or impudent hand raises the glazings, and injures the thin and delicate colour; sometimes by simple fretting, too rough or too long continued, with the dry and bare fingers, and sometimes by the employment of mordants either dangerous in themselves, or good, but ill-managed. The number of pictures which such dangerous proceedings have ruined, and continue to ruin every day, surpasses imagination. Even when they do not destroy the picture entirely, they, at all events, leave the most injurious traces behind, depriving it of its transparency and harmony, and much of the effect, and rendering it hard, cold, and weak. Of this the admirable "Night" of Coreggio at Dresden presents a very sad example.

Having enumerated several causes of injury to pictures, and exposed some of the frauds of dealers, it is said,

The injuries concealed by means of art are those on which there has been stippling, retouching, or repainting. Although I have taken the greatest care hitherto to avoid works restored by one or the other of these processes, in order to avert by this scrupulous caution even the smallest reproach which malevolence might cast upon my collection under such a pretext, yet the unanimous opinion of the greatest connoisseurs and best informed amateurs, even amongst the Dutch, who have always been the most scrupulous on this point, has convinced me, and my own experience has confirmed me in it, that I should do wrong to recommend to others the too rigid rule which I have myself adopted in this matter. A distinction ought, at all events, to be made between reparations that are ill made and those in which the skill and intelligence of the artist have been crowned with complete success. Indeed, I have seen many instances of stippling made with such skill and intelligence, and many of retouching and repainting made with so much expertness, and with touches so conformable to those of the original and have found in all these cases the new colours so exactly in accordance and harmony with the old, even after several years, that, unless from having been already aware of it, it would have been impossible to suspect the smallest restoration. It is especially in the parts entirely glazed of new, or entirely repainted, that it becomes impossible to discover the things; and I have admired the rare talent of some artists in this branch who render themselves worthy of the highest consideration, by saving and restoring with such perfect success the chief works of art. But I cannot approve in any degree the conduct of those who, without necessity, permit repainting on the works of the great masters, under the too ambitious pretext of correcting their work!

WAR OFFICE JUNE 20.—4th Light Drags.—Ens C B Molyneux, fm 43rd Ft to be Cor without pur v Colston, app to 15th Light Drags.—11th Light Drags.—Lt O J C Bridgeman, fm 98 h Ft to be Lt v Hanson, who exch; Cor W G Sutton, fm 4th Drag Grds to be Adjt with the rank of Cor v Hanson, who res the Adjcy only.—15th Light Drags.—To be Cors without pur: Cor E Colston, fm 4th Light Drags v Bernard, dec; H J Wale, Gent v Lumsdaine, prom.—10th Ft: Lt S C C Galloway to be Adjt v Lysaght, who res the Adjcy only.—22nd.—To be Lts: Lt R Coote, fm 7th Ft v Somerville, app to 84th Ft; Lt J H Graham, fm 31st Ft v Boileau, app to 94th Ft.—43rd: Gent Cadet H F Hill, fm Ryl Mil Col to be Ens, without pur v Molyneux, app to 4th Light Drags.—59th: Lt A Walshe, fm hf-p 2nd Ft to be Psmr, v R Bamford, who ret on hf pas Lt.—60th: Bvt-Mjr G de Rottenburgh, fm hf-p 89th Ft to be Capt v the Hon F J R Villiers, who exch.—69th: Ens A B Hankey to be Lt by pur v K Gore, who ret; G Bagot, Gent, to be Ens, by pur v Hankey.—73rd: Mjr-Gen s r R H Dick KCB, to be Col v Lt-Gen Lord Harris, dec.—75th: Capt R Lane, from hf-pay Unatt to be Capt v B Gray who exch; Lt G W C Stuart to be Capt by pur v Lane who ret; Ens C Couche to be Lt by pur v Stuart; H F Mahony, Gent to be Ens by pur v Couche.—92nd: Ens J G Hay to be Lt by pur v H Johnstone who ret; R W Duff, Gent, to be Ens by pur v Hay.—98th: Lt H Hanson fm 11th Lt Drags to be Lt v Bridgeman

who exch.—Ceylon Rifle Regt. Mjr A Montresor to be Lt-Col without pur v Fletcher, who ret upon half pay; Bvt-Mjr P H. Reyne to be Mjr v Montresor; Lt F B Bayly to be Capt v. Reyne; 2nd Lt C C D. Bedford to be 1st Lt v Bayly; Gent Cadet G A. Franchell, fm Ryl Mil Col, to be 2nd Lt v Durnford.

WAR OFFICE, June 27th.—7th Drag Gds.—Lt W Hogg to be Capt by pur, v Codrington, who rets; Cor C Arkwright to be Lt by pur v Hogg; A N Adams, Gent to be Cor by pur v Arkwright. 13th Lt Drags—Mjr J Lawrenson, fm 17th Lt Drags to be Lt-Col by pur, v Brunton who rets. 17th Lt Drags—Capt F Bardett to be Mjr by pur v Lawrenson, prom in 13th Lt Drags; Lt H R Benson to be Capt by pur v Bardett; Cor R D H Lane to be Lt by pur v Benson; P J W Miles, Gent to be Cor by pur v Lane. 9th Lt—Lt H C Tyler fm 40th Ft to be Capt by pur v Stanford. 11th—Bvt-Col J Hodge, from 1st pay Unatt to be Lt-Col v Sir M Creagh, who exch; Mjr H K Bloomfield to be Lt-Col by pur vice Hodge who ret; Capt J Singleton to be Mjr by pur vice Bloomfield; Lt J F Stanley to be Capt by pur v Singleton; Ens J A Hunter to be Lt by pur v Stanley; C M G Quantrell, Gent to be Ens by pur v Hunter; Asst-Surg H Hadley MD, fm Rifle Brig to be Surg, v D Leonard, who ret upon 1st pay. 19th—Lt G J Jennings, fm 10th Ft, to be Lt, v Maguire, who exch. 24th—W Selby, Gent, to be Ens, by pur, v Hackett, who ret. 40th—Ens W H Queade to be Lt, by pur, v Tyler, prom in 9th Ft; R J L Coore, Gent, to be Ens, v Queade. 44th—G Cooper, Gent, to be Ens, by pur, v Chamberlain, who ret. 49th—Lt G F Bartley to be Capt, without pur, v Wright, dec; Ens R L Ross, fm 93rd Ft, to be Lt, v Bartley. 60th—Lt J Maguire, fm 19th Ft, to be Lt, v Jennings, who exch. 62nd—Ens M J Gregorson to be Lt, by pur, v McLeod, who ret; Gent Cadet F R E Burnside, from Ryl Mil Col to be Ens, by pur, v Gregorson. 79th—T G Robertson, Gent, to be Ens, by pur, v Maitland, who ret. 93rd—Gent Cadet W W Carden, from Ryl Mil Col, to be Ens, without pur, v Ross, prom in 49th Ft. Rifle Brig—F D Howell, Gent, to be Asst-Surg, v Hadley, prom in 11th Ft.

UNATTACHED.—Capt J O'Grady, fm 2nd Ft, to be Mjr, without pur.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE, June 26.

Ryl Regt of Artill. Gent Cadets to be 2nd Lts—J S W Atkinson, v Pigou, prom; W L Dumaresq, v Fraser, prom; G Le M Tupper, v Telfer, prom; H Heyman, v Strange, prom; A Dew, v Gregory, prom; G S Robertson, v Newton, prom; E H East, v Gleig, prom; D E Hoste, v Frye, prom; E Taswell, v Yelverton, prom; E B Winterbottom, v Vesey, prom; J Simgleton, v Sandish, prom.—Corps of Ryl Eng. Gent Cadets to be 2nd Lts—C C Chesney, v Maun, prom; E C de Moleyns, v Nugent, dec; J J A Armit, v Lovell, prom; C B Ewart, v Synge, prom.

**WHEN THE BODY IS SUBJECT TO MANY CHANGES, IT REQUIRES MEDICINE.**—Sudden changes from very hot, to chilly weather, are unfavourable to health; and it is a fact universally admitted, that heat and moisture are powerful agents in producing disease, and that constant dry and constant wet weather are both favorable to its generation. It does not signify what we call it: it may be ague; it may be bilious fever; it may be yellow fever; it may be dysentery; it may be rheumatism; it may be bronchitis; it may be cholera; it may be constipation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the stomach; it may be a nervous affection; but still it is disease, and a disease curable by the Brandreth Pills, because they remove all impurities from the body, all that can in any manner feed the further progress of the malady; no matter how called; thus these pills are not only the most proper medicine, but generally the only medicine that need or ought to be used.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

**A SAFE MEDICINE.**—The use of the BRANDRETH PILLS can in no case do injury, because they are made of those herbs and roots which experience has fully proved always harmonize with the human body. The omission of purging with them in cases of sickness, is often the cause of a long attack, often ending only by a cessation of life. How important it is that this course should be pursued—it will not only be the surest means of restoring, but it will in a great measure prevent the recurrence of constitutional maladies; it will surely weaken the malignity of the attacks and in time secure robust health.

My Friend, may rest satisfied that I shall, so long as my life and energies are permitted in, by an OVER-RULING PROVIDENCE, attend personally to the Brandreth Pills and that those properties which have thus far rendered them so popular, will be still continued and improved.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 474 Broadway, and 241 Hudson-street, New York, and Mrs. Booth's, 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

**PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE**—JAMES L. HEWITT, has removed his Piano Forte and Music Store to 295 Broadway, (La Forge's New Buildings), where will always be found a large and general assortment of Music and Musical Instruments of every description, both at Wholesale and Retail.

J. L. Hewitt is the sole agent for this city, for the sale of Lemuel Gilbert's (of Boston) celebrated Patent action Piano Fortes, which are now considered by the most eminent professors equal, if not superior, to any made.

Military Bands supplied with the very best Instruments, all of which are warranted perfect—in all orders for Music, Musical Instruments, or Piano Fortes, addressed to the Subscriber, will meet the same attention as if by a personal application.

My 17-6m. JAMES L. HEWITT, 295 Broadway, between Reade and Duane.

**JAMES PIRSSON,**  
**PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER,**  
No. 88, 90 and 92 Walker Street, near Elm.

A large stock of the finest Instruments always on hand.

TERMS MODERATE.

[Ju7-6m.]

**DR. POWELL AND DR. DIOSKY,**

Oculists and Ophthalmic Surgeons, 251 Broadway, cor. Warren-st.,

CONFINE their practice to Diseases of the Eye, Operations upon that Organ and its Appendages, and all Imperfections of Vision. Testimonials from the most eminent medical men of Europe and America. Reference to patients that have been perfectly cured of Amaurosis, Cataract, Ophthalmia, Nebula, or Specs on the Eye, Strabismus or Squinting, &c.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. The poor treated gratuitously from 4 to 6 P.M.

Persons at a distance can receive advice and medicine by accurately describing their case.

Jy 12-1f.

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.**

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT.

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My 24-1f.

## WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscriber has to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Hotel will be plentifully supplied with the Substantial and Luxuries of the season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest Wines and Liquors. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My 31-1f.

BELL & INGLIS.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY EDMUND BALDWIN, No. 155 Broadway, New York.

1. A Series of Geographical Maps, forming a complete Modern and Ancient Atlas, comprising 106 Nos.: The Stars in 6 Maps; The Terrestrial Globe on the Geomonic Projection in 6 sheets, and an Index to the Principal places in the World. Also, handsomely bound in 2 vols., & Russia.

2. The Library of Useful Knowledge. Of the First Series of this Work, 326 Nos. are published, and of the New Series 53 Nos., any of which may be procured separately to complete sets.

3. The Farmers' Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge,—Forming a complete Farmer's Library,—consisting of the following subjects:—

1. The Horse, complete in one volume.

2. Cattle, " " " "

3. Sheep, " " " "

4. British Husbandry, in 3 vols., published also in numbers. Any Volume or Nos. sold separately.

\* English Books in every branch of Literature imported to order, by every Packet and Steamer.

My 10-1f.

## TEAS RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 Fulton Street, New York, desire to inform the public that they sell their celebrated Teas by the single pound as cheaply as sold by the chest at Importers' prices. In consequence, families, hotels, and boarding houses are enabled to lay in their teas to great advantage, and in quantities to suit their convenience.

A single trial of the teas sold at this establishment will convince any person of their cheapness and superiority. Thousands who have purchased only one quarter of a pound, on trial, are now buying five and ten pounds at one time.

The following is a catalogue of the teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, and sold in large or small quantities at their Tea Warehouse, 75 Fulton street:—

**GREEN TEAS.**

Sweet Cargo Young Hyson . . . . .	\$0 50	Finest Hyson-Skin . . . . .	\$0 63
Brisk fragrant " . . . . .	0 63	Good Imperial . . . . .	0 75
Nankin flavor " . . . . .	0 75	Very fine do . . . . .	1 00
Fine full-flavored Hyson . . . . .	0 75	Fine-flavored Gunpowder . . . . .	0 75
Very superior " . . . . .	1 00	Extra Fine " . . . . .	1 00
Good Hyson-skin . . . . .	0 38		

**BLACK TEAS.**

Soochong, full-flavored . . . . .	\$0 50	Extra Oolong . . . . .	\$0 75
Very Fine " . . . . .	0 63	Superior English Breakfast . . . . .	0 63
Pouchong . . . . .	0 60	Superior Pekoe flowers . . . . .	0 85
Extra Pouchong . . . . .	various prices.	Howqua's Imperial Mixture—a delicious Black Tea . . . . .	0 85
Fine Oolong . . . . .	0 63		

Plantation or Garden Teas—Very superior for their strength, flavor, and aroma, and which have heretofore seldom or never reached this country, except as presents to Importers in this city. These Teas cost in China \$1 per pound, in addition to Agent's commission for purchasing, ship charges, &c. &c.

Green—Small-Leaf Gunpowder \$1 25; Curious Leaf Imperial, \$1 25; Sweet Small-leaf Young Hyson, \$1 25.

Black—A great variety of Black Teas in small fancy boxes, containing one pound and upwards, all of Garden growth, and superior to anything ever imported into this country.

Also—Just received by the Ann McKim, 3000 one-pound Catty's of delicious Black Tea, which we shall sell at six shillings each, including the catty.

N. B.—That the public may entertain the most implicit confidence in the genuine qualities of their Teas and the extensive resources of this establishment, the Pekin Tea Company beg to state that they can furnish references to the first houses in the Tea trade, in New York, whose testimony and respectability are equally beyond cavil or dispute.

April 12 3m

## LIFE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

## NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS,

NEW YORK BRANCH—OFFICE 74 WALL STREET—

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THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

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WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 39 Wall-street.

The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the Loan Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance.

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal: and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be PAID IN CASH if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE in New York.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

[July 26.] J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

M. RADEK, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principally Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. [Ju7-Je.]



Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and  
Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States.  
Mr 15-3f 1

## STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new iron steamship GREAT BELFAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	24 Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	10th Nov.
Great Britain	do	23d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Stewards' fee.  
For freight or passage, apply to  
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street. My10-1f.

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

To sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
ROSCIUS, Capt. A. Eldridge,	26th March.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Deynester,	26 May		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th March.	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th June		ROSCIUS, Capt. A. Eldridge,	11th May	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to  
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson,	May 11		STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons,	Feb. 26.	
UNITED STATES, A. Bilton,	June 11		UNITED STATES, 700 tons,	March 26.	
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Heirn,	July 11		VIRGINIAN, 700 tons,	April 26.	
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen,	Aug. 11		WATERLOO, 900 tons,	May 26.	

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to  
ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-1f.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.			Captains.			From New York.			From Liverpool.		
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6,	Feb. 6,	Sept. 6,	Feb. 21,	June 21,	Oct. 21,				
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6,	June 6,	Oct. 6,	Mar. 21,	July 21,	Nov. 21,				
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6,	July 6,	Nov. 6,	Apr. 21,	Aug. 21,	Dec. 21,				
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6,	Aug. 6,	Dec. 6,	May 21,	Sept. 21,	Jan. 21,				

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to  
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-1f.

## LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.			Captains.			From New York.			From Portsmouth.		
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1,	May 1,	Sept. 1,	Feb. 20,	June 20,	Oct. 20,				
Northumberland	J. H. Griswold	10,	10,	10	10	March 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1,			
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20,	20,	20	20	10,	10,	10,			
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1,	June 1,	Oct. 1,	10	20,	20,	20,			
Switzerland	2 Knight	10,	10,	10	10	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,			
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20,	20,	20	20	10,	10,	10,			
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1,	20,	20,	20,	20,			
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10,	10,	10	10	May 1,	Sept. 1,	Jan. 1,			
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20,	20,	20	20	10,	10,	10,			
Prince Albert	W. S. Sobor	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	20,	20,	20,	20,			
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10,	10,	10	10	June 1,	Oct. 1,	Feb. 1,			
Westminster	Hovey	20,	20,	20	20	10,	10,	10,			

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to  
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to  
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-1f.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.			Masters.			Days of Sailing from New York.			Days of Sailing from Liverpool.		
Cambridge,	W. C. Barslow,	June 1,	Oct. 1,	Feb. 1,	July 1,	Nov. 16,	Mar. 16,				
England,	S. Barnett,	June 16,	Oct. 16,	Feb. 16,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	April 1,				
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1,	Nov. 1,	Mar. 1,	Aug. 16,	Dec. 16,	April 16,				
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16,	Nov. 16,	Mar. 16,	Sept. 1,	Jan. 1,	May 1,				
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	April 1,	Sept. 16,	Jan. 16,	May 16,				
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16,	Dec. 16,	April 16,	Oct. 1,	Feb. 1,	June 1,				
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1,	Jan. 1,	May 1,	Oct. 16,	Feb. 16,	June 16,				
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16,	Jan. 16,	May 16,	Nov. 1,	Mar. 1,	July 1,				

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strict attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to  
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burlington, N. Y.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plants. Ap 30-1f.

## WILSON'S HOTEL &amp; DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening. Mr 20-1f.

## TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guaranteed to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),  
W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,  
South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool:—  
WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road. My10-1f.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to procure all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 8 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers en route here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will be as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars apply to  
HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—  
Messrs J. & W. Robinson, / No 5 Baltic Buildings, and  
Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, / No 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.  
DRAFTS AND EXCHANGE from 21 upwards can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-1f.

## SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a wide and deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found to be beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with availing results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

Messrs A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despaired of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after having used in all nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and he sits nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly,  
E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion is one of peculiar value to the afflicted:—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tested. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such the use of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, known to and uncollected by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, Jr.  
Feb. 15, 1845.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by  
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Munroe, Quebec; I. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birnie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. My10-1f.





## STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new iron steamship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	31st May	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	24 Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	5th Nov.
Great Britain	do	23d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.  
For freight or passage, apply to  
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street, My10-1f.

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW-YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW-YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
ROSCIUS, Capt. A. A. Eldridge,	26th March.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cuba,	11th Feb.	
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cuba,	29th April.		SHERIDAN, Capt. Depoyter,	11th March.	
SHERIDAN, Capt. P. A. Depoyter,	29 May		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trank,	11th April	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trank,	23d June		ROSCIUS, Capt. A. A. Eldridge,	11th May.	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to  
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12½ cents per single sheet, 30 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW-YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW-YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson, May 11			STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1600 tons, Feb. 26.		
UNITED STATES, 700 tons, June 11			UNITED STATES, 700 tons, March 26.		
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Heirn, July 11			VIRGINIAN, 700 tons, April 26.		
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen, Aug. 11			WATERLOO, 900 tons, May 26.		

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to  
ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-1f.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.			Captains.		
Ashburton	H. Huttleson	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6, Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.			
Patrick Henry	J. C. Delano	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6, Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.			
Independencia	F. P. Allen	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6, April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.			
Henry Clay	Ezra Nye	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6, May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.			

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted. They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Commanders.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to  
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-1f.

## LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1st, 10th and 20th of EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.			Captains.		
St. James	F. B. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1, Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.			
Northumberland	A. H. Griswold	10, 20, 30, 10, 20, 30.			
Gladstone	R. L. Banting	20, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.			
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1, 1, 1, 1.			
Switzerland	G. Knight	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.			
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.			
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1, 1, 1, 1.			
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.			
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.			
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, 1, 1, 1.			
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.			
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.			

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wine and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to  
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to  
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My24-1f.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.			Masters.		
Cambridge	W. C. Barstow	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.			
England	S. Bartlett	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.			
Oxford	J. Rathbone	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.			
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.			
Europe	A. G. Furber	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 16, May 16.			
New York	Thos. B. Cropper	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.			
Columbia	G. A. Cole	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16.			
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.			

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strict attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 35 Burling-shp, N. Y.,

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap 30 1f.

## WILSON'S HOTEL &amp; DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening. Mr. 29-1f.

## TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that has so long been the establishment, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be placed in that those sent on board will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),  
W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,  
South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool:—  
My10-1f. WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 5 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers at every hour. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars apply to  
HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—  
Messrs J. & W. Robinson, (No 5 Baltic Buildings, and  
Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, (No 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.

Drafts and Exchange from £1 upwards, can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-1f.

## SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a compelling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

Madisonville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1845.

Messrs A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despaired of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after having used nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly,  
E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion is one of peculiar value to the afflicted:—

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Feb. 15, 1845. DRUGGIST, 40 & 42 Westminster-st., Providence, R.I.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

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